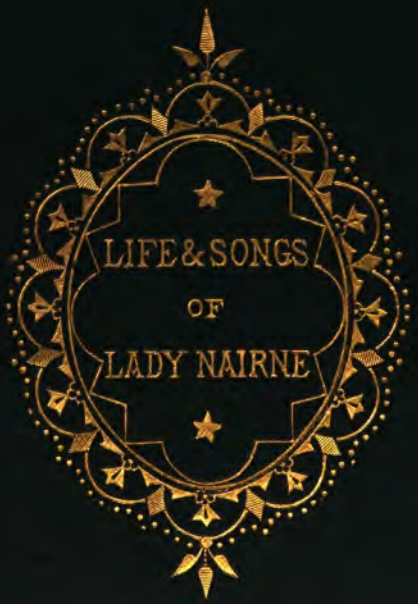
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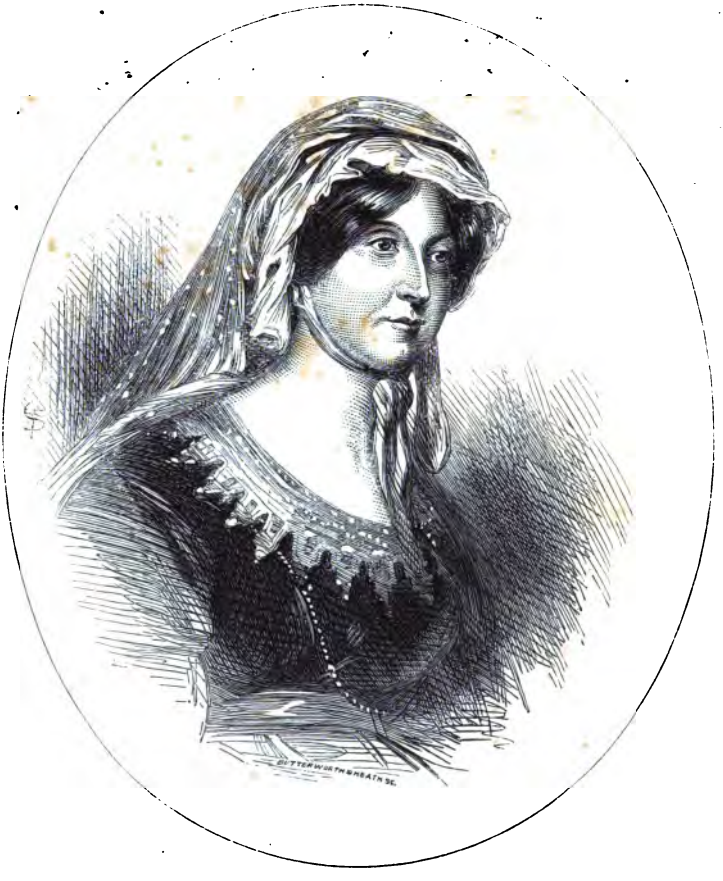

THE BARONESS NAIRNE.

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LIFE AND SONGS

OF THE

BARONESS NAIRNE

WITH A MEMOIR AND POEMS

OF

CAROLINE OLIPHANT THE YOUNGER

EDITED BY THE

REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A., SCOT.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

In the first volume of the *Modern Scottish Minstrel*, the Editor of the present work had the satisfaction of presenting a brief Memoir of Lady Nairne, accompanied by her best songs. This was in 1855; and then for the first time did the public learn some particulars of a Poetess, who had composed nearly all the popular Scottish songs of the past half century, which had appeared anonymously. The Memoir attracted some attention, and Lady Nairne and her songs have been descanted on in several periodical papers. Observations on her genius were published by the late Mr. Hugh Miller, of Edinburgh. To the editors of popular collections of Scottish Song and Music, Lady Nairne is, however, still unknown. Many of these gentlemen are unacquainted with the true reading of "The Land o' the Leal," and with the source of "Caller Herrin'" and "The Laird o' Cockpen." Under

these circumstances, a collected edition of the songs of the Strathearn Poetess will be found useful, while many persons will doubtless be pleased to obtain further particulars of her history.

In preparing his materials, the Editor has experienced much courtesy from several of Lady Nairne's relatives and friends, who have entrusted him with MSS. He has been especially indebted to her Ladyship's grand-nephew, Mr. Kington Oliphant of Gask, who has procured much valuable information for the early part of the Memoir from the Gask Family Papers. To Mr. Oliphant he has also been indebted for the MSS. of Caroline Oliphant the Younger, and the facts which have been embodied in her Life.

SNOWDOUN VILLA, LEWISHAM, KENT,
January, 1869.

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MEMOIR

OF

BARONESS NAIRNE.

About the same period that Robert Burns was born in a peasant's cottage on the banks of the Doon, were ushered into existence, on Scottish soil, three other persons, destined to impress their names on the minstrelsy of their country. These three were females, each sprung of gentle blood, and reared amidst scenes conducive to poetic inspiration. Lady Anne Lindsay, eldest child of James, Earl of Balcarres, was born in 1750; she was descended from a distinguished ancestry, and amidst the sylvan recesses of her paternal domains, cherished the pastoral Muse. In 1762, Joanna Baillie was given to her parents on the orchard-clad banks of the Clyde; she was the scion of a House remarkable for their patriotic virtues. She celebrated, in glowing verse, the passions which, under every variety of condition, have governed the human heart. The last of our group, Carolina Oliphant, forms the subject of the present memoir.

She was born in "the auld house" of Gask, Perthshire, on the 16th of August, 1766. Her father, Laurence Oliphant, the laird of Gask, was head of a family which had long made its mark in Scottish annals. The first Olifard (so the name was formerly written) recorded in history was David, who saved his namesake the King of Scotland at the siege of Winchester in 1142. The grants of the Olifards to the monasteries near the Tweed are set forth by George Chalmers in the *Caledonia*;* and Rymer, in his collection, has recorded their exploits. Walter Olifard, the Justiciary of Lothian, married a daughter of the Earl of Strathearn about 1200, and settled his descendants in Perthshire. William Olifard, the greatest man who ever bore the name, held out the Castle of Stirling against Edward I. in 1304, at a time when most other Scots were despairing of their country. His son Walter married a daughter of King Robert Bruce, as appears by a Royal charter of 1364, whereby the lands of Gask were erected into a barony. The Oliphants dwelt at Aberdalgie until the middle of the Fifteenth century, when they built the Castle of Dupplin, and received a Peerage from James II. in 1458. Fifteen of the neighbouring gentlemen served the first Lord Oliphant in Manrent. At Flodden Field died Colin, the Master of Oliphant, and his brother Laurence, the Abbot of Inchaffray. Colin left two sons; from the eldest sprang the Lords Oliphant, who figured at the Rout

* Chalmers' Caledonia, Vol. I., p. 515.

of Solway and the Raid of Ruthven. The fifth Lord Oliphant, called in the Gask papers "ane base and unworthy man," succeeded in 1593; he squandered the greater part of the family inheritance in Perthshire, Caithness, Fife, Forfar, Haddington, and Kincardine. His descendants lingered on in the sad plight of landless lords; the last of them died in 1751, acknowledging his kinsman Oliphant of Gask as rightful heir to the Peerage.

We turn to this younger branch of the Oliphants, who spring from the second son of Colin, slain at Flodden. The third of this line bought from his spendthrift cousin many of the Perthshire acres, and got a charter under the Great Seal of the lands and barony of Gask in 1625. Next came Sir Laurence Oliphant, who was knighted by Charles II. at Perth; he disinherited his first-born, Patrick; but Patrick's son James got possession of Gask in 1705. This Laird had the wisdom to remain at home in 1715, while his son Laurence bore arms under Lord Mar. A series of most interesting family papers, beginning from this date, are preserved at Gask. They comprise letters from the Jacobite leaders; an account of the rising in 1719 in Mar's own handwriting; narratives of battles and escapes; poems, satirical and pathetic; and the dying speeches of the chiefs who suffered death.* Laurence Oliphant lived to bear arms once more in 1745; he acted as Governor of Perth, the base of

* These papers will shortly be published in a separate work.

the Jacobite operations; while his son Laurence was one of the aide-de-camps of Charles Edward on the march to Derby. The money accounts of the father are brought down to the day before Culloden. The pair lurked in Buchan for six months, and then landed in Sweden, whence they made their way to France. They were both attainted, and they lived in exile for seventeen years, keeping journals of their travels. They were joined by Oliphant's wife, a daughter of Lord Nairne; she was known in Perthshire by the title of Lady Gask. Their estate, sadly shorn of its proportions, was bought back from government in 1753 by their kinsmen at home for £16,000. In 1763 the Oliphants were allowed to return to Gask; and four years later the father died, leaving a mass of interesting papers behind him. "Good worthy Gask," as the neighbours called him, is thus referred to by his gifted grand-daughter:—

> "The auld laird, the auld laird,
> Sae canty, kind and crouse,
> How mony did he welcome to
> His ain wee dear auld house!"

Laurence Oliphant the younger succeeded his father. He had been married at Versailles in 1755 to his first cousin, Margaret Robertson, the eldest daughter of Duncan Robertson of Strowan, chief of the Clan Donnochy. The Robertsons had undergone much in 1746; and Mrs. Oliphant, with her mother and little brothers, had been driven from a hut in Athole by the threat of military execution. Her mother, known as Lady Strowan, was sister of

Lady Gask; both being daughters of that Lord Nairne who so narrowly escaped the block for his achievements in 1715.

Carolina Oliphant, the subject of this memoir, was christened after the King over the water. Two sisters, Marjory and Amelia, had preceded her; and she used to say that her parents never forgave her for being a girl. But they had to wait two years longer for the future Laird of Gask. Her grandfather, the old hero of 1715, died a few months after her birth. Her father suffered grievously from asthma, the result of the hardships he had undergone while lurking in Buchan in 1746, the year of vengeance. In vain did he try to alleviate his complaint by the mineral waters of Pitcaithly, and goat's whey in the Highlands. He had returned from France to comparative poverty; the family plate was all gone, and nothing but pewter was used in the house. He brought up his children well, correcting the little girls with his own hand. Full accounts of them were sent to their grandmother Robertson, then in exile at Givet. "Car" is described as having become fat, and "a sturdy tod."* Her mother thus writes of her when two years old:—"You would have been pleased had you seen my little woman sitting on a chair, as prim as any there, at the reading this evening, being Sunday. Understand she cannot, but keeps her eye generally fixed on her papa, whom they

* The diminutive of *Toddler*, a child.

are all very fond of, as they get sense." In the copies of the English Prayer-book which Mr. Oliphant placed in the hands of his children, the names of the exiled family were pasted over those of the reigning one.

In 1769, Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant were at Naples for health. The Laird writes to his mother, Lady Gask: "I hope you keep the bairnies in mind of their little song after dinner when they get their glass. Few here know anything about Scotch reels." In 1770, another daughter, named Margaret, was born to him; and two years later, another son, named Charles, after the King. The "dear tods," as their grandmother calls them, survived her physicking, and are thus described in 1773:—"The three girls come on bravely. I saw them perform at their dancing yesterday really very well; Carolina like a fine lady in miniature; Laurence only one reel with his sister." In this year Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant sailed to Lisbon, and proceeded from thence overland to Seville. The mother sends home eighty lines of poetry on the discomforts of the journey; her verses are by no means worthy of a near kinswoman of the old poet laird of Strowan.

She returned with her husband to "the bonny bairns," but died in 1774. The widower writes:—"She talked to me of death and our future meeting as if only going a journey. She called for all the children, took leave of them without the least emotion, and said, as they were going away, 'See which will be the best bairn, and stay longest with

papa!' She said, 'You see how easily I can part with the bairns, for I know they are in good hands,' meaning their Maker." In the next year, the young Oliphants lost their grandmother, Lady Gask; her place was supplied by her sister, Henrietta Nairne. The old lady soon had to look out for a governess, and wrote thus:—

"April 13, 1778.

"Mr. O. joyns me in thinking there is no better signe than diffidence in what one knows nothing about, therfor has no doubt Mrs. Cramond (for you know I cannot call her Miss when a governess) will make herself usefull to ye childern with a little practice in many things besides ye needle, particularly as to behaviour, principals of religion, and loyalty, a good carriage, and talking tolerable good English, which last you say Mrs. Cramond does properly enough, and which in ye country is necessari, that young folks may not appear clownish when presented to company. Mr. O. approves of all you have done, and has had his ebs of fortune too; but since Mrs. Cramond would fain have the pounds turned into guineas, he agrees, and makes her present twelve guineas the first year and ten guineas ever after, so sends six guineas by ye bearer, for which you will take her receipt. He will send horses to Perth, if Mrs. Cramond can ride; if not, allows her to have a chaise out here, which he will not grudge to pay. Will you get Mr. Marconchi to come out, that the little ones may not forget all their dancing?"

In 1779, Uncle Robertson writes to Mrs. Cramond's pupils from Givet, strongly recommending the harpsichord or the guitar, "as a very pretty accomplishment for young ladies, and a better amusement than conversation on the modes of caps!" Two years later, Mr. Oliphant thus writes to his aunt, "Lady Lude," addressing her as "Dear loyal lady:"—"I shall be left alone with my six

young ones, a poor valetudinary person. Will my dear aunt come and be a companion to me and a guardian to them, and keep them loyal, in which I shall assist you? and we shall drink to the King and his happy Restoration every day till it be over. I only want you to guard your nephews and nieces from the wicked world."

For the religious instruction of the young folks, Mr. Oliphant afterwards retained the services of Mr. Maitland, a Nonjuring clergyman, who was most assiduous in his duties. He remarked that his pupil Carolina acquired her lessons easily, and became an adept in all she tried.

Mrs. Cramond seems to have excelled as a writing mistress; for young Carolina writes a beautiful copperplate hand, which, however, changed for the worse as she grew up. In 1782, she joins her father and sisters in sending a letter to Givet, and writes thus:—

"My dear Uncle,

"As May is at present very busy playing some favourite tunes of mine, I hope you won't expect a very correct epistle; for to hear agreeable music, and at the same time employ my mind about anything else, is what I can hardly do, for—

'Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak.'

I do think fine music engrosses all the senses, and leaves not one faculty of the mind unemployed; so says, with all her heart,

"CAROLINA OLIPHANT."

One of her sisters writes about this time: "There generally comes a fiddler once a week to keep us in

mind of our dancing." In 1784, little Charles writes :—"Carolina is just now playing,

> 'My wife is lying sick,
> I wish she ne'er may rise again;
> I will put on my tartan dress,
> And court another wife again.'

It is a very good tune."

One of his sprightly young sisters writes in the same year :—"Niel Gow, a famous Highland fiddler, having been appointed to be at Orchill last month, I was asked there in hopes of having a fine dance, and Niel ran in my head for several days. Well, away I went, but no Niel that day; well, to-morrow will bring him; but to-morrow came and went in the same manner; at last comes music at supper the second day; but, alas, it was a scraper, the only one of three or four that were sent for that were not engaged; but, however, the spirit moved us, and away with tables, chairs, and carpets in a moment; we had but three beaus; one of them, not liking the music, took a sprained ankle; the other bassed to the fiddler in hopes of improving him; Meggy Grahame could not dance, so that our ball was principally carried on by three, for the storm froze up the company as well as Niel Gow. I can dwell no longer on the subject, though it produced great mirth."

Great was the joy at Gask, in August, 1784, when it became known that the Robertsons had regained their inheritance, and were coming home from Givet. Gask himself writes to old Lady Strowan :—"I hope

that your son's restoration will be the forerunner of another, the man getting his mear again, and make young and auld dance on the green." Carolina, whose penmanship is far better than that of her sisters, winds up: "I wish this may be the last time that I assure my dear grandmother at Givet how much I am her dutiful grand-daughter." Her brother Laurence writes:—"Were I a poet, I should present you with a most magnificent poem on the subject." Lady Strowan soon arrived at Gask; and in 1787 we find her, her sister Harriet Nairne, and the four Misses Oliphant, signing a petition to the Laird in behalf of a tenant who was in arrears with his rent.

Such was the upbringing of Carolina Oliphant, now a blooming maiden of one and twenty. From her earliest childhood she was fed with the "auld warld tales" of her Jacobite kinsfolk—Robertsons, Murrays, Drummonds, and Graemes. Often must she have heard her father tell how he, a stripling of nineteen, supped with Prince Charlie at Blair in the very outset of the Forty-Five; how he galloped to Edinburgh with the news of Prestonpans, and fought single-handed with Cope's runaway dragoons; how he and the Master of Strathallan discovered the enemy's movements after the battle of Falkirk; how the Prince exchanged a few words with him at Culloden after all was lost; how he and his father escaped from Scotland in the same ship with their kinsman Lord Nairne, and landed in Sweden, beggars in all but honour; how he

suffered from asthma during his seventeen years of banishment; how kind messages used to come from the Royal family at Rome; how he was picked up by King Louis after a fall out hunting.* The Laird was now a feeble old man, dealing in old proverbs; prone to researches as to the Oliphant pedigree, wherein he showed more zeal than knowledge. His only warfare was a dispute with Haldane of Gleneagles as to fishing in the Earn, carried on with stately courtesy on both sides. His great delight was to accumulate relics of his beloved King, a number of which are still preserved at Gask: such as Prince Charlie's bonnet, spurs, cockade, crucifix, and a lock of his hair. There must have been hearty rejoicings at Gask when such a letter as the following was received:—

"June 6, 1787.

"SIR,

"No length of time can make me forget Mr. Oliphant. I understand you have collected several memorandums of our master, and have the pleasure to send you a child's head drawn by him when a boy, and a shot bag which he used before he left Rome. I got them from my uncle when I was in Italy twenty one years ago, and think they can be nowhere so well bestowed as in your collection.

"Your most humble servant,

"JOHN EDGAR.

"Keithock, near Brechin."†

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*All this appears from papers in the Gask charter chest. In 1762, he wrote a remarkable letter to Rome with the sorrowful intimation of the Prince's drunken habits. In return, he received a severe snubbing.

† The head is remarkably well done. James Edgar, the uncle referred to in the letter, was private secretary to the exiled King in 1743; he was a warm friend to Lord George Murray.

Right proud must Carolina and her sisters have been when the following letter reached "the auld house:"—

"Florence, ye 21 Feby., 1783.

"MR. COWLEY,

"It gives me a sensible pleasure, ye remembrance of Oliphant of Gask. He is as worthy a subject as I have, and his family never deroged from their principals. Not douting in ye leaste of ye son being ye same, make them both know these my sentiments, with ye particular esteem that follows a rediness to prove it, iff occasion offered.

"Yr. sincere friend,

"CHARLES R.

"For Mr. Cowley, Prior of ye English Benedictines at Paris."

When King Charles died, and was succeeded by the Cardinal of York, most of the Scottish Jacobites transferred their allegiance to King George. Not so the Laird of Gask. Mr. Cruikshank, who used to perform the Episcopal service at the houses of the Jacobite gentry in turn, wrote to Mr. Oliphant to say that he had conformed to the new system. An answer was speedily despatched in these words:—

"July 3, 1788.

"Mr. Oliphant presents his compliments to Mr. Cruikshank, and as he has incapacitated himself from officiating at Gask, his gown is sent by the carrier, and the books he gave the reading of. As Mr. Cruikshank has received his stipend to this Whitsuntide, there is no money transactions to settle between him and Mr. Oliphant."*

At the same period [1788] George III. was seized with his mental ailment, which being reported

* This letter is quoted, because the circumstances are erroneously related in Perthshire tradition.

to the Laird of Gask, he remarked to one of the conforming clergy, "Ye see what ye've done to the honest man. He has never had a weel day sin' ye tuik him by the hand." When failing eyesight compelled him to seek the assistance of his family in reading the newspapers, he would reprove the reader, if the "German lairdie and his leddy" were designated otherwise than by the initial letters K and Q. The unswerving Jacobitism of Mr. Oliphant having been reported to George III., the member for Perthshire received this message from the Monarch to the sturdy upholder of the dethroned House:—"Give my compliments,—not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover,—to Mr. Oliphant, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles."

The Misses Oliphant seem to have in turn visited their grandmother, Lady Strowan. In 1790, a great event in the family took place: their brother "Laurie" went to London. He received much excellent advice from his father; an earnest reminder of all the good offices that the Oliphant family owed to the Drummonds, bankers in London; and a rebuke for an indecent desire on the youth's part to be presented to the Elector of Hanóver. Gask still hopes that Henry IX. may take a wife. He bids his son call on Miss Cramond, and beware of wine and lawyers. He wishes for a copy of Fenelon on piety, a good book for evening reading. Carolina writes to her brother in a more cheerful

strain :—" I drank tea at X.; it would make you too vain to tell you how obligingly Miss Z. asked after you. She says she is to be here soon; I hope not till *you* return. Three of us danced while the heiress played, and we were very merry. A friend was going to see Jane Shore acted by puppets at Crieff. We had tickets but no chaperone, so were obliged to go home without a laugh at the tragedy. I galloped Hercules, and like him better than Glen; but you will call me quite vulgar for bringing Crieff and its environs into your mind whilst you are showing away in St. James' Square, London." A cousin, who visited Gask not long afterwards, writes to the Laird :—" Assure Miss Amelia and Miss Carolina that I never can forget the exquisite pleasure their musical powers excited in organs so fitted for that delicate enjoyment as mine are." The young ladies sometimes entertained their aged grandmother with a concert in her bed-room.

At this period, as may be gathered from her letters, Carolina Oliphant was extremely gay. Of dancing she was passionately fond. " Finding, at a ball at a watering-place," writes one of her relatives, " that the ladies were too few for the dance, she drove home, awoke a young friend at midnight, and stood in waiting till she was equipped to follow her to the dance."

Towards the end of 1791 the Laird of Gask was failing rapidly; he had a total want of appetite, and experienced a perpetual chill. At length, on New Year's day, 1792, the staunchest Jacobite

in Scotland exchanged this world for that other, which his daughter describes as "The Land o' the Leal." He was a choice model of the old Scottish Cavalier, true alike to his brethren in arms,* to his King, and to his God. Two portraits of him are kept at Gask; one represents him in his cuirass, as he must have looked when setting out for his ride to Derby; the other shows him worn with asthma, with age, and with hope deferred. But he has painted his own likeness in the scores of letters he has left behind him, a rich heirloom for the many descendants that have sprung from his loins.

Carolina Oliphant was a native of Strathearn, "meet nurse for a poetic child." It was long held by the Celts, as shown by the names Clathy More and Clathy Beg, close to Gask, and by the bridge of Dalreoch, where the high road between Perth and Stirling crosses the Earn. Within half a mile of Gask stands the Bore Stone, an old sculptured Celtic cross; the neighbouring wives put their arms into its holes to obtain children. Traces of the Norman are found in the noble tower of the Kirk at Dunning, three miles off, built a few years before the Olifards came from Lothian into Strathearn. Many historic battle-fields are near, such as Methven,

* In a letter of 1787, Gask forbids his sons ever to claim the Strowan inheritance, their uncles, the Robertsons, having no children. He thought that Strowan ought to remain in the hands of the Robertson clan, his old comrades of 1745. Few fathers are so averse to worldly pelf and family aggrandisement.

Dupplin, and Tippermuir. Four miles off is the Abbey of Inchaffray; of this foundation the Lords Oliphant were hereditary Bailies. On the Earn stands Gascon Hall, where Wallace sought shelter. In the churchyard of Aberdalgie is an incised slab representing William Olifard, who defended Stirling Castle in 1304; a stone canopy was placed over it by Carolina's father in 1780, to protect the monument from the rain. Nearer stood the old Castle of Dupplin, which figures in the Raid of Ruthven, and whence her forefathers were wont to sway far and wide to the south and west of Perth.* In full view of Gask lies Aberuthven, where the Grahames bury their dead; further still is Kincardine Castle, the stronghold of their great chief, Montrose. More to the west is Tullibardine, the cradle of the Murrays; and beyond is Drummond Castle, the abode of a family in close alliance with the Oliphants for five hundred years. To the north is Balgowan, the property of the late hero of Barossa, a warm friend to Carolina's family. To the south is Duncrub, the residence of Lord Rollo, in whose regiment Oliphant served in 1715. Dunning and Auchterarder are in full view, both of which were burnt by the Jacobites on their retreat in that baleful year. Behind rise the Ochil hills, with the towering summit of Craig Rossie. Further to the east grow the Birks of Invermay, renowned

* It was burnt down in 1827, after the Earls of Kinnoull had held it for two hundred years.

in song. Not far distant is Condie, where Oliphants have been settled for nearly three hundred years.* The view to the north of Gask includes the grand range of the Grampians; to the west rises Ben Voirlich, whence comes the river Earn, which gives name to the district.

The "auld house of Gask," perched high above the Earn, commanded much of the fair scenery of the Strath, renowned in song and patriotic story. The pleasure grounds around the mansion resemble a grove more than a garden; many of the fine old trees were planted by Carolina's father, who used to name his new plantations after his daughters. A small stream flows down the hill, close by the house; a little beneath stood the old parish church, now removed; and the burial ground, where many of the Oliphants repose. To the north is Clathy village, where dwelt a peasantry devoted to the Gask family. Their dialect lives in Carolina's songs. Their faithfulness was proved in 1745. Old cottagers may be found there still, who boast how their forefathers, at the risk of the halter, carried letters

* The Laird of Condie was of great service to the Laird of Gask in 1753, when the latter's estate was bought back from government. After 1847, when the last heir male of the Gask branch died, a law suit was carried on for twenty years between the Oliphants of Condie, claiming to be the next heirs male, and Mr. Kington Oliphant, son of the last Laird's sister and great-grandson of the old Jacobite hero. In the course of this suit the Oliphants of Condie were traced up to Alexander Oliphant, who was Albany Herald in 1565; but nothing could be ascertained as to his birth or parentage. The other claimant was therefore served heir to Gask.

concealed in their shoes, between Lady Gask and her husband.

The Oliphants of Gask were noted for their benevolence. The exiled grandfather of Carolina, though himself a pensioner on the bounty of the French king, notes in his memorandum-book that the first thing to be done, on reaching home, is to bestow £50 on the poor of his estate. It was while speaking words of kindness to the cottagers at Gask that Carolina was enabled to cultivate that familiar acquaintance with the manners and customs of rural life, which she has exhibited in her songs. She gathered snatches of minstrelsy in the peasant's hut, while in the patrician society of the manor-house she listened to the stirring tales of loyalty and heroism. Surrounding scenes awoke elevating sentiments, and excited to poetical inspiration.

Carolina was a delicate child—"a paper Miss," she was termed by her nurse. Afterwards she became strong, but her delicate sensibility never forsook her; it enabled her to gather in and utilize stores of knowledge, while, on the other hand, it produced that excessive diffidence which, but for the care of others, had bereft her of posthumous fame. As she grew up, the "pretty Miss Car" of the school-room became in the drawing-room "the Flower of Strathearn." Her striking beauty and pleasing manners rendered her a reigning *belle* among the county families and fashionable assemblages of Perthshire. Her musical accomplishments were not beneath the notice of Neil Gow.

Robert Burns had just appeared above the horizon. Carolina Oliphant was charmed with his verses; she was among the first to recognize his genius. When the poet proceeded to Edinburgh in 1786, and announced a subscription edition of his poems, she induced her brother Laurence to enter his name on the list of subscribers. During the following year Burns became a contributor to *The Scots Musical Museum*, a work designed by James Johnson, engraver in Edinburgh. In the pages of this publication Carolina remarked the successful efforts of the Ayrshire poet in adapting new words to tunes which had heretofore been linked to verses degrading and impure. With renewed interest she watched his labours, when, in 1792, he appeared more systematically engaged as a purifier of the elder minstrelsy in the elegant collection of Mr. George Thomson.

Driving, during the annual fair, through a small hamlet in the neighbourhood, she remarked many persons holding in their hands a small book, with a yellow cover. Desirous of ascertaining what a publication so popular might contain, she despatched her footman to purchase a copy. It proved to be a collection of songs and ballads, many of which were ill suited for the hands of youth. "The Flower of Strathearn" began to consider whether she could aid in purifying the national songs. She resolved to make the attempt. An occasion offered. Her brother Laurence entertained the Gask tenantry at dinner, as was the custom, about a year after he

had succeeded to his inheritance. When he was called on for a song he gave with much spirit a new version of "The Ploughman,"* which he said he had received from the author. Who the author was, was to be revealed only after the lapse of half a century. Meanwhile the young Laird of Gask presented copies, which were multiplied and sung everywhere throughout central Scotland. Carolina had made a decided hit; she resolved, but with strictest secresy, to persevere.

Miss Steuart of Dalguise, a relative of the husband of Carolina's elder sister, Amelia, was on a visit to Gask. She was considerably younger than Carolina, but possessed, as she was fully satisfied, her entire confidence. Carolina became uncommonly studious; she was very frequently at her desk, and was silent respecting what she was writing. Miss Steuart concluded—as she informed the writer of this memoir—that her friend was composing long letters to her cousin, Captain Nairne, to whom, it was understood, she was engaged in marriage. On a subject so sacred her companion did not venture to question her. "I lived to discover," said our informant, "that Carolina was not letter-writing, but was engaged in composing those beautiful songs which were to delight the world."

The earlier effusions of Carolina's Muse were humorous. To this early period we are disposed to assign "John Tod," "Jamie the Laird," "The

* See Note to this Song.

Laird o' Cockpen," and most of her compositions of a mirthful character. Her Jacobite lays unquestionably belong to this epoch.

A new order of things was about to extinguish those sentiments of Jacobitism which lingered in certain families. Portentous national perils were looming on every side. The frantic reformers of France, flushed with success in overturning a throne and uprooting a dynasty, had invited the people of Great Britain to revolt and to destroy. Among the artizans of Scotland the toast in every tavern was, "Damnation to the King, and success to the friends of the People!" Demagogues everywhere sought to inflame the minds of the peasantry. The upholders of government were called on to unite in the preservation of order. The militia was embodied. The young Laird of Gask joined the Perthshire Light Dragoons, and served for three years, much to the detriment of his estate. He married, in 1795, Christian Robertson, the heiress of Ardblair, respecting whose supposed attachment to him he had long been rallied by his sister Carolina. When the Perthshire Dragoons were ordered to quarters in the north of England in 1797, Carolina accompanied her brother's family to Durham, where a wide circle of friends rapidly sprang up. At an assembly held at Sunderland on the occasion of the opening of a bridge across the Weare, Carolina danced with a Royal Duke, who sought afterwards to elevate his fair partner to his own high rank. The restrictions of the Royal

Marriage Act were not the only barrier to his intentions, for "the Flower of Strathearn" had bestowed her affections on another, and determined to dwell among her own people.

Two events occurred to sober and chasten the hitherto exuberant feelings of our poetess. Charles, her younger brother, had proceeded to the continent in quest of health, which he did not find; he died at Paris on the 27th of July, 1797.* About a year after this sad event, Mrs. Campbell Colquhoun, of Killermont, the early and dear friend of Carolina, had to mourn the death of her first-born child, which died when scarcely a year old. When tidings of her friend's bereavement reached her, Carolina despatched to her a letter of condolence, accompanied by the verses of "The Land o' the Leal." Mrs. Colquhoun would readily recognize the touching allusion in the following stanza :—

> "Our bonnie bairn 's there, John;
> She was baith gude and fair, John;
> And, oh! we grudged her sair
> To the Land o' the leal."†

Carolina returned to Scotland. She was on a visit to the old castle of Murthley, near Dunkeld. An English clergyman was one of the visitors. In con-

* Charles Oliphant proved a steadfast adherent to the exiled Royal House. In 1796 he refused to take the Abjuration oath, and thereby lost a lucrative appointment.

† For a particular account of the circumstances connected with the origin of "The Land o' the Leal," see Note, at the end of the volume.

ducting worship with the household one morning, he spoke emphatically of the blessedness of the promise, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." The words were a message to one who joined in that morning's service. Carolina had been prayerfully seeking the way towards the better land. She now found it, and closed with the Saviour's offer. During the forenoon she was alone. When she rejoined the family circle, she seemed to have been weeping. She found comfort ever after; for, writes one who was long her constant associate, "from that hour she never had one doubt of God's love to her in Christ."

She returned to Gask. Writing to a friend, Mrs. Oliphant, her sister-in-law, remarks: "I need not tell you what an acquisition Carolina is to our society here; you know her well."

In 1802, Carolina lost her great aunt, Henrietta Nairne, aged eighty-nine; to the last she liked her nieces to read to her. Born in the reign of Queen Anne, she survived to see at her knees children of the Gask family who lived to take an interest in the politics of Count Bismarck and the victories of General Lee. The old lady had one remaining kinsman of her own name—the grandson of that brother of hers who bore arms both in 1715 and 1745. Captain Nairne had been a frequent visitor at Gask; he was nine years older than Carolina Oliphant, his second cousin, who had early consented to become his wife.

William Murray Nairne was born in 1757, at

Drogheda in Ireland, where his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Nairne, was stationed with his regiment. On the death of John, his elder brother, he became heir to the Nairne peerage, and, but for the attainder, would at the period we have introduced him to the reader have been fifth Lord Nairne. But the whole of the family estates had long been alienated, and Captain Nairne's entire fortune consisted in his pay.

Both Captain Nairne and his *fiancée* had long waited for his promotion, with a view to the completion of their engagement. At length he secured the appointment of Assistant Inspector-General of Barracks in Scotland, with the brevet rank of major. His promotion took place in the spring of 1806. In June of the same year, Major Nairne and Carolina Oliphant were united in marriage in an upper room of the new Gask House—still shown to visitors as the scene of the event. The Episcopal clergyman of the Gask family officiated on the occasion.

The duties of Major Nairne implied a residence at Edinburgh. Through the liberality of the old chief of Strowan, a cottage was reared for the newly married pair in the western suburbs of the city. It was designated Carolina Cottage. There in 1808 Mrs. Nairne gave birth to her only child, a son, who received his father's Christian name of William.

In the lettered society of the capital, the authoress of "The Land o' the Leal" might have attained an acme of enjoyment. She had the best opportunities

of entering society, and her graceful manners and elegant accomplishments fitted her to adorn it. It is remarkable that she succeeded in maintaining her retirement. Her early friend, Mrs. Campbell Colquhoun, was lady of the Lord Advocate, and, like her brother, William Erskine, was an attached friend of Sir Walter Scott. Mrs. Nairne was personally intimate at Ravelstone, the seat of Mr. Alexander Keith, Sir Walter's kinsman; her younger sister subsequently became lady of the manor. Scott cherished strong Jacobite predilections, and knew well about the Oliphants and the Robertsons and the House of Nairne. Some of these have furnished anecdotes in illustration of his writings; the Poet chief of Strowan was prototype of the Baron of Bradwardine. Yet it does not appear that the author of *Waverley* and the authoress of "The Land o' the Leal" were on any terms of intimacy. They must have occasionally met, yet as comparative strangers.

Ravelstone House, resting amidst its fine sloping park on the north side of Corstorphine Hill, was within an easy distance of Carolina Cottage. The occupants of the mansion, when Major and Mrs. Nairne came to reside in that vicinity, were the Laird, already named, then about fifty, and his spinster sister, who being several years his senior, persisted in calling him in all companies "the laddie, Sandy." They were both busied in exercising a style of hospitality after the model of persons of their rank in less formal times. Guests were received every

Saturday. They were expected to arrive early, to amuse themselves at games on the lawn till two o'clock, when the tower-bell summoned the party to assemble and prepare for a repast. Ladies were always present, for the proceedings were expected on every occasion to terminate with a vocal concert, in which the fair sex were to be the principal performers.

Luncheon or dinner was served at half-past two. There were the usual Scottish dishes—hotch-potch, cocky-leeky, and the unfailing haggis. In favourable weather, dessert was provided out of doors, under the canopy of "old forest trees." The members of the party now rose to a *conversazione* in the garden—a quaint scene, the prototype of the garden of Tullyveolan in *Waverley*. At the sound of the gong, the visitors re-assembled to partake of tea or coffee. Then followed the most *recherché* part of the entertainment. Every visitor who knew music was expected to exercise his powers. The use of instruments was not permitted; Mr. Keith and his sister both held that artificial music was intolerable.

Major and Mrs. Nairne greatly enjoyed the unceremonious character of the receptions at Ravelstone. They were often present at the weekly assemblages. A young lady, daughter of a neighbouring proprietor, was one evening asked to sing in turn. She did so, and hit off one of the popular ballads to great admiration. When she stopped, some one exclaimed that there were more verses. The

singer protested she had sung all she knew. "Then," said the speaker, "do you see that fair lady seated at the end of the room? Go up to her and she will give you the verses you want; for never, I believe, was anything in poetry or song said or sung, she does not know." We shall allow the gentlewoman addressed to relate the remainder of the narrative in her own words:—"I acted on the counsel given. I approached the stranger, and preferred my request. She took me kindly by the hand, and requested me to be seated on a chair near her. We had some conversation about song and ballad, and before the evening closed, she gave me her card, and cordially invited me to visit her. This lady was Mrs. Carolina Nairne."

Our correspondent proceeds:—"I embraced Mrs. Nairne's courteous invitation, and my visits were, at her particular request, renewed frequently. We became intimate, and as she perceived my tastes were similar to her own, she often introduced the subject of Scottish music and song. Some years after she informed me, as a great secret, that she had written 'The Land o' the Leal.' She exhorted me not to divulge it, adding with a smile, 'I have not even told Nairne, lest he blab.'

"The Laddie Sandy" of Ravelstone became charmed with Miss Margaret Oliphant, Mrs. Nairne's younger sister, and was not an unsuccessful wooer. In April, 1811, the public prints chronicled a matrimonial alliance between the laird of Ravelstone and Dunnottar and a daughter of the House of

Oliphant. The ancient Miss Keith was elated by her brother's choice, but did not hesitate to claim the administration of proper counsel in the affair. There was no issue of the marriage : and Mr. Keith, who did not long survive, was succeeded in his estates by his nephew, who, claiming the office of Knight Marischal, was created a baronet by George IV.

With another family in the capital the inmates of Carolina Cottage enjoyed a congenial intimacy. The Misses Elizabeth and Agnes Hume, daughters of the Honourable David Hume, Baron of Exchequer, were remarkable for their musical tastes and accomplishments. They were frequent visitors at the Cottage, and in return were not seldom privileged with the society of Major and Mrs. Nairne, at their father's residence in the city. The Baron often expressed his admiration of the intelligence of the Major's lady, and wondered at her knowledge of Scottish song. He survived till 1838; but it is believed, was never informed that the gentlewoman whose talents he had so long respected possessed personal claims as a poetess.

The Misses Hume regulated the musical fashions at Edinburgh. In 1821, Mr. Robert Purdie, music publisher in the city, resolved to form a collection of the national airs, with words suited for refined circles. He consulted the Misses Hume, who submitted his proposals to Mrs. Nairne. The latter cordially approved of the undertaking: she had long waited for such an opportunity of purifying the

national minstrelsy. A committee of ladies was formed; it included the gentlewoman who had sung effectively at Ravelstone, and won the affection and confidence of the authoress of "The Land o' the Leal."

The committee-room was a place of inviolable secresy. The ruling spirit of the group concealed her personality with more than oriental scrupulosity. Her name was never to be divulged. She assumed another, to be found in no Directory, that she might render her concealment more certain. Even the assumed designation of "Mrs. Bogan, of Bogan," was to be revealed only to a few. The committee spoke of Mrs. Bogan to Mr. Purdie most secretively; and in engaging Mr. Robert Archibald Smith, the celebrated composer, as his editor, Mr. Purdie, in his turn, begged his friend not to mention to anyone that they enjoyed the assistance of so accomplished a lady.

As the Parts of the *Scotish Minstrel* began to appear, Mrs. Nairne became alarmed, lest, in spite of existing precautions, her secret should be unveiled. She had subscribed her contributions "B. B.," and these initials had been attached to them in the printed pages of the *Minstrel.* She felt anxious lest the publisher should stumble into some statement which might embarrass her position. "If, by any chance," she wrote to her Ravelstone acquaintance, "Purdie were to be asked, 'Who is B. B.,' I think he would do well for himself, as well as others, to make no mention of a lady. As you observed, the more mystery the better: and still

the balance is in favour of the 'Lords of the Creation.' I cannot help, in some degree, undervaluing beforehand what is said to be a feminine production."

It was determined not to trust matters entirely to the discretion of the publisher. One of the ladies waited on him to express Mrs. Bogan's "motive for this queer trade of song-writing." She ceased to claim the authorship of all the compositions, which she communicated to the publishing office. Some were inscribed, "Sent by B. B.;" others were despatched anonymously. These latter appear in the *Minstrel* as of "unknown" authorship. The committee of ladies received and despatched others, which were simply inscribed "S. M.," the initial letters of *Scotish Minstrel.* A variety of handwriting was employed; but the assumed Mrs. Bogan could most effectively disguise her own. In a note, now in the editor's possession, Mrs. Nairne, writing to her Ravelstone friend respecting some matter about which information was wanted, says, "If you were to write a line to Purdie, in my name, asking the question, it would save time. Any queer, backward hand does!"

Mrs. Bogan ventured occasionally to hold personal interviews with the publisher of the *Minstrel.* She was apparelled as a gentlewoman of the olden time. To the unsuspecting music-dealer, it never occurred that his ingenious contributor was resident in a suburb of the city: and, certainly, he still less imagined that her husband held office in connection with

Edinburgh Castle, not many hundred yards from his shop.

The *Scotish Minstrel* was completed in 1824, in six octavo volumes. In the preface to the sixth volume, Messrs. Purdie and Smith thus express themselves :—"The editors would have felt happy in being permitted to enumerate the many original and beautiful verses that adorn their pages, for which they are indebted to the author of the much-admired song 'The Land o' the Leal,' but they fear to wound a delicacy, which shrinks from all observation."

Twenty years after this period, our author was known to Mr. Purdie only by her *nom de plume.* Certain rivals in trade had reproduced some of "B. B.'s" contributions to the *Minstrel,* and the publisher was led on two occasions to apply to Mrs. Bogan (through one of the committee) for her permission to vindicate his rights. In reply to the first of these applications, the assumed Mrs. Bogan wrote as follows :—

"10th November, 1840.

"Mrs. Bogan is sorry to find it is necessary for her to repeat what she stated when the Scottish Minstrel was first published, viz., that the songs marked "B. B." in that work are her property, and were given by her to Mr. Purdie, expressly for the benefit of the Minstrel, and that no one else has, at present, a right to publish them, excepting Mr. Purdie."

"B. B."

A reply to another letter of Mr. Purdie, on the same subject, is in these terms :—

"February 6th, 1844.

"Mrs. Bogan, of Bogan, understands Mr. Purdie wishes to have a line from her, with regard to the property of the songs

written by her for the *Scottish Minstrel*, viz., 'Jeanie Deans,' 'The Lammie,' and 'The Robin Red-breast,' which she declares to belong to Mr. Purdie."

These were odd times at Edinburgh. The spirit of the *Gudeman o' Ballingeich* * seemed to have stalked forth to influence, as by a spell, the votaries of Caledonian genius. The *Waverley* novels were issuing from the press with a rapidity which caused surprise, only exceeded by their own marvellous creations, while the author sat behind a curtain, refusing to reveal himself. "The Chaldee MS." had set the literary world on edge, while its source was known only to Ebony † and a select coterie. The associates of Christopher North, in his inimitable "Nights at Ambrose's," were unknown, with the single exception of the Shepherd. Miss Stirling Graham was practising her wonderful mystifications, "taking in" all she met, including the acute Jeffrey, who had persisted that he was proof against her arts. Lady Anne Barnard was still cherishing her secret as to the authorship of "Auld Robin Gray," which the Society of Antiquaries had failed to discover from herself or others. The best songs written since the era of Burns had appeared anonymously, and the announcement that some of them were composed by "B. B.," did not convey any insight as to their source. That these were written by the wife of a staff-officer at Edinburgh,

* The nom de guerre of James V., during his frequent wanderings in disguise, in different parts of the country.

† The designation of Mr. William Blackwood, the great Edinburgh publisher, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

was the latest of those literary mysteries, which should be laid open to the world.

The *Scotish Minstrel* obtained universal acceptance. Who is B. B.? was an inquiry which passed from mouth to mouth, and from one musical circle to another. Some persons claimed to have penetrated the disguise, and those who knew least were loudest in their protestations of an accurate knowledge. There were some newspaper controversies respecting the authorship, in which hard words were used on each side. The authoress was pained by these pitiable occurrences, but dared not reveal herself. She had been accustomed to such discussions, even in her own presence. "I was present," she writes to a friend, "when it was asserted that Burns composed the 'Land o' the Leal' on his death-bed, and that he had it *Jean*, instead of 'John;' but the parties could not decide why it never appeared in his works, as his last lay should have done. I never answered."

We have referred to the admiration entertained by Carolina Oliphant for the Ayrshire bard on his first appearance as an author. She afterwards deeply lamented that one endowed with so much genius should have composed verses which tended to inflame the passions. Burns' well-known song, "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," had been inserted by Mr. R. A. Smith in the *Minstrel* on his own responsibility. *Mrs. Bogan* afterwards remonstrated. In a note which she addressed to the publisher, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the work, she writes, "If Mr. Purdie will in some way obliterate

that drinking song of Burns,' the work will do credit to all parties."

Several years after the appearance of the *Scotish Minstrel*, a proposal was entertained by some of the ladies who had assisted in its preparation, to publish a purified edition of Burns' songs. The proposal met with favour at Carolina Cottage, when first broached. Our authoress subsequently wrote to her Ravelstone friend—"You can try what is to be made of Burns. Some of his greatest efforts of genius won't do. Yet there is enough passable for a considerable volume." After an interval she wrote to the same correspondent, "Burns comes on at a snail's pace. What a mixty-maxty it is, and sometimes very puzzling! A whole poem would pass but for one or two sheer abominations, yet such as may not be omitted. I have found three volumes of Currie's Life of him in a corner where condemned criminals were imprisoned." The proposal was ultimately abandoned.

During the progress of the *Minstrel*, several ladies of the committee were disposed to evince a preference for songs written in the Scottish dialect. From their sentiments Mrs. Nairne differed. On this subject we subjoin two extracts from letters addressed by her to a member of the committee:—

"It never occurred to me that only Scotch words should be admitted; indeed, I think the field ought to be as large as possible, to prevent the temptation of introducing trash to fill up the volumes." "I am not sure on what principle you are anxious to encourage the Scottish dialect, though I am far from objecting to it, because of its energy. But there is some-

thing so civilized in the English, that I prefer it in common, and I observe our servants and everybody now try to express themselves so as to avoid *broad Scotch.*"

Mrs. Nairne composed Jacobite songs to amuse and gratify her venerated and loving kinsman, the old Chief of Strowan. She likewise copied for him old Jacobite tunes, which were acknowledged with expressions of affection. The Chief bestowed on his niece many benefactions. Carolina Cottage was reared by his funds, and the comforts of the inmates had been increased by his bounty. The good old man died in 1822, the last of the sufferers of 1746.

The same year was otherwise memorable in the history of the family fortunes. During the month of August, George IV. paid his state visit to his northern capital. At His Majesty's first levee held in Holyrood, Major Nairne was presented to the King by his relative, the Duke of Athol. Other representatives of attainted Scottish peers waited upon the monarch. The occasion of the royal visit was deemed suitable to plead for a restoration of the honours, forfeited in the cause of earnest though mistaken loyalty. Sir Walter Scott prepared the substance of a memorial* to the King, which, on due extension, was subscribed by the claimants of the long-lost honours, and was humbly submitted to the King on his return to England. His Majesty graciously acceded to the prayer, giving his royal permission for the introduction of a Parliamentary

* Lockhart's Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh, 1850. 8vo. pp. 489-90.

measure to reverse the attainders. The bill having passed both Houses of the Legislature, finally received the royal sanction on the 17th June, 1824. One of the memorialists was Major Nairne; he was restored to his rank in the Peerage. Our authoress now became the Baroness Nairne.

Lady Nairne had sedulously devoted herself to the proper upbringing of her son, the Master of Nairne. He was a delicate child; he had never been at a public school, and his education had, until his fifteenth year, entirely devolved upon his mother. She now sought to procure for him a tutor or companion, whose example might prove serviceable not less than his teaching. She communicated on the subject with a gentlewoman, who has forwarded the letter, to be used in these memoirs:—

"After much cogitation," proceeds the writer, "as to who was most likely, of all my friends, to make inquiry about an assistant for my boy in his studies, I have finally resolved to offer the task to you. The first step, if you are kind enough to undertake it, will be easy, as I have heard of a young man of whom I wish to hear more before any other is thought of, and I think you may be able to get at the necessary information. The lad is called Patterson; he has distinguished himself as a scholar, having been at one time Dux of the High School. His mother, a widow, who lives at 15, Buccleuch Place, is daughter to Mr. Brown, who published the Family Bible. She is so decided an enemy to Episcopacy, that she has refused an exhibition for her son at Oxford, of large annual value, because of certain articles necessary to be signed regarding Church government, which do not accord with her views. This shows *steady principle*, however applied. Her son inherits several hundreds a year from his father, who was engaged in mercantile business, so that I was told salary would not be a first consideration. I have heard so good an account of the lad, that we would take him whether as tutor or companion,

and give him whatever is thought reasonable. William is fifteen and Patterson is about nineteen, but is said to be very steady, well principled, and amiable, besides his talents, which are known to the public."

The young gentleman referred to in this letter was John Brown Patterson, author of a University Prize Essay on the "National Character of the Athenians," and afterwards minister of Falkirk. Owing to some family arrangements he could not accept the situation of companion to the Master of Nairne, which was offered him; but the duties of tutor were entrusted to his younger brother, Alexander Simpson Patterson, now D.D., minister of Hutchesontown Free Church, Glasgow, and author of several esteemed Theological publications.

Mr. Patterson having instructed his charge in the classics, was succeeded in the post of tutor by Mr. Fraser, a young gentleman who had returned from the West Indies. At the request of her Ladyship, Mr. Fraser sought to familiarize his young friend with a love of theological learning; but as his mother laments in a letter to a relative, the Master of Nairne was more addicted to the study of history. He received lessons in mathematics every morning at eight from a University student, recommended by Dr. Chalmers.

For many years the subject of these memoirs had found recreation in the use of the pencil and brush. She was an accomplished painter. A series of fruit trees, represented at various stages of their growth, and as they appeared at different

seasons, which she painted in her youth, are preserved at Gask. When her nephews and nieces visited her in 1822, on their return from a Continental tour, they were amazed to find their aunt so industrious an artist, and proposed that the little parlour where she worked should be called her *studio delle belle arti.* In reference to her artistic tastes, and another important subject, she thus writes to her brother's eldest daughter, in August, 1829 :—

"Apropos as to views, if I should ever attempt one for you, is it that from Gask, of the country opposite, you would like, and what size ? . . . The season is getting past for that work now, as cold short days do not suit well. What I have been doing for three frames I happened to have, are nearly finished ; that means done with, for finished they are not. One is Drogheda, Lord Nairne's birth-place, the next my dear ditto, and the other the view from what was called the Middleton, including the bridge of Invermay. I *pay myself* for my work, which fills my purse best, when I consider the time occupied rather than the merit of the performances. This reminds me of your query as to the best mode of appropriating charity cash ; my own opinion has always been that devoting a proportion is the best way. This, in case of anything urgent, may be enlarged ; in the other way, the power may be wanting in the time of need. . . . We cannot expect to do all that could be wished for the good of others. 'She hath done what she could,' was accepted ; but few, I fear, do this, wituoht the sad alloy of latent vanity."

For many years the sun of prosperity had shone with an increasing lustre, and in the midst of unalloyed and unbroken domestic happiness, the authoress of the "Land o' the Leal" did not lack anything. She was now to descend into the valley of affliction. During the autumn of 1829 Lord

Nairne experienced a severe attack of jaundice. He recovered, but remained emaciated and feeble. He became a victim to biliary derangement; and though he occasionally seemed to rally, his state of health was a source of anxiety to his attached wife. Respecting his Lordship's condition Lady Nairne thus communicates with Christian Oliphant, one of her nieces :—

"June 12th, 1830.

"I know it would make your kind heart feel to see Lord N. as he is now, feeble and emaciated beyond what you can well imagine; yet we are thankful there is no alarming symptom in the disease itself, and if it should be permitted to give way, he might in some degree pick up again, though he himself does not expect it. * * *

"I often think of somebody's observation, that it is difficult to say whether we should call this state of existence a dying life or a living death. Dearest Christian, what a blessed privilege to have such hope set before us as is freely given to the humble and contrite follower of the all-powerful Redeemer."

The hopes of a devoted wife were not to be realized. Lord Nairne passed away peacefully on the 9th July. The widow contemplated her deep loss with Christian composure.

In May of the same year Margaret Oliphant, second daughter of Laurence Oliphant, of Gask, was married to Mr. Thomas Kington, of Charlton House, Wraxall, Somersetshire. Mr. and Mrs. Kington resided after their marriage at Clifton, near Bristol, where the sisters of the latter then lived, on account of the climate being suited to their health. Towards the close of the year the Clifton party was increased by the presence of Lady Nairne, who now finally relinquished Carolina Cottage, being resolved to seek a

less severe climate for her son, whose health, never robust, had lately excited her anxiety.

At Clifton Lady Nairne seemed likely to experience such a degree of comfort as was needful in her new-made widowhood. She was surrounded by many dear relatives, who regarded her with an affection, not unmixed with veneration. But she was yet to tread in the vale of sorrow. Her beloved niece, Caroline Oliphant, who bore her name, and was endowed with a genius akin to her own, was seized with a mortal ailment, and on the 9th of February, 1831, sank into her rest.

Lady Nairne remained at Clifton about six months. She resolved to carry out her long-cherished intention of visiting Ireland, where her husband was born, and the mild climate of which, she hoped, might prove suitable to the health of her son. In July, 1831, she had established her household at Kingstown, near Dublin. From this place she wrote to her Ravelstone friend, whom henceforth we shall designate her Edinburgh correspondent:—

"William, like all boys, is fond of riding, so I got a pony for him, and he often went to the post, and came back with letters, all safe and sound. When he could not go we sent our footman, but the pony's knees were broken, and letters were lost, with other mishaps. At this time *poteen* was sold at every toll-bar; but when Father Matthew, with much eloquence and zeal, gave the pledge, a wonderful change took place. He told the kneeling crowd that he could work no miracle, and that they must pray to God to enable them to keep the pledge. These sentiments gave great offence to the bigoted priests, who said he was 'no true son of the Church.'"

After a short period Lady Nairne left Kingstown,

and established her residence at Enniskerry, county Wicklow, a locality not only well adapted for Lord Nairne's health, but calculated to evoke her own poetical inspiration.

Lady Nairne was favourably impressed with the warm-hearted character of the Irish peasantry; but she deeply lamented to find a generous people crushed under the iron heel of a selfish priesthood. The song "Wake, Irishmen, wake," composed at this period, is sufficiently expressive of these sentiments, and of her earnest wishes for the dawn of spiritual life among the sons of Erin. She admired the songs and music of Ireland. She read the poetry of Moore, but lamented that he, like Burns, had not always been careful to consecrate his verse to the cause of virtue. In one of her sweetest compositions, she has thus apostrophized the Irish bard:—

> "Sweet poet! be true to thy lofty inspiring;
> While, bound by thy magic, the skies half unfurled,
> Youth, beauty, and taste are with rapture admiring,
> O spread not around them the fumes of this world."

At Enniskerry, Lady Nairne received a visit from her early friend, Mrs. Campbell Colquhoun, of Killermont, now a widow, and who, chastened by successive bereavements, was like her comforter of former days, being made ripe for the kingdom of heaven.

So far back as her thirty-first year Carolina Oliphant, we have seen, had begun to direct her thoughts towards the better land. Festivities at Gask and fashionable life in Edinburgh had not changed the current of her thoughts. She had diligently sought

to instruct her son in the principles of religion. She had systematically striven to purify the song literature of her country. When anticipating the loss of a devoted husband, she expressed her entire confidence in a well-ordering God—a loving Saviour. Two letters are before us, written about the period when the volumes of the *Scotish Minstrel* were passing through the press, 1821—4, which serve to show the progress which at that period she had attained in the Christian life.

"It is long," she writes, "since I read Grahame on the Sabbath. When I did, I delighted in his sentiments, and as cordially disliked his politics. Since then I have become indifferent about politics, further than as I consider them to accord with or differ from the spirit of the Holy Scriptures; some slight allowance being made for early impressions, which are very powerful in some minds, but have in my own been so greatly modified, that I trust they do not mislead me. The *sensible change* gives a good hope of this."

In another letter to the same correspondent, she writes:—

"How sorry I am for this illness of your relative, as he seems to suffer under it. Do point out to him *explicitly* the *only hope*. I hardly now meet with a pedlar's tract that does not plainly point to the Saviour. Mr. D. seems to feel himself as he ought—a sinner; and how often has a word in season been allowed to bring present peace and hope for the future by showing the all-sufficiency of the ransom that has been paid! This, you may have observed, often comes home to the mind as a new and powerful truth, though read and heard of from youth with a bare assent by those who ignorantly lean to something in themselves. He appears to be in the very case that gives hope. You have obtained an influence over his mind that may be blessed to him. He should read that chapter in the Pilgrim's Progress where the burden falls from the shoulders at sight of the Cross. That struck me greatly—many is the

day since—and though I had before read it with little application on various occasions."

Since the date of these letters the writer had passed through "the valley of Baca." She had found a well there, and had drunk and been comforted. But the work of perfecting was not yet complete. We must wait.

In the autumn of 1834, Lady Nairne left Ireland and proceeded to the Continent. Young Lord Nairne, delicate as ever, accompanied her; the journey was undertaken chiefly on his account. Her sister, Mrs. Keith, long a widow, with a devoted niece, joined the party. They visited in succession Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Geneva, Interlachen, and Baden. During the winter of 1835-6, the party established their quarters at Mannheim. From that place Lady Nairne writes to one of her nieces :—

"27th February, 1836.

Our winter's residence here has not been altogether as satisfactory as I had hoped. My great attraction centred in an excellent clergyman, who was able to officiate only twice after we came. The sermons were so satisfactory, that it was impossible not to lament the dearth that ensued.

. . . Here there are many English families, and what is called very genteel society. There is also the court of the Grand Duchess Dowager of Baden, a niece-in-law of poor Josephine, and adopted daughter of Napoleon. You will scarcely believe what a fuss the English make about this French lady ; she goes to their balls and musical parties, and being now a Royal Highness, is treated something like a queen by them. She was very handsome, and is said to be very talented and accomplished. Her only unmarried daughter is, I believe, really a fine girl of nineteen.* I have not seen either, as I do nothing, as usual, beyond morning calls on a few acquaintances. Had I, like the rest, gone through the trouble

* Now Duchess of Hamilton.

of being presented *at Court*, there would have been no plea for enjoying this retirement that I love and require. . . . . I say with thankfulness that I have been better on the Continent, than for a long time in our humid islands; yet age must tell, however gently."

Early in spring Lady Nairne removed her household to Baden-Baden. From this place she writes to a relative on the 6th June:—

"I have been much interested with Mrs. Hannah More's Life, which was lent me at Mannheim. It far surpassed my expectation, and her real character was all that I had imagined. There is so much high talent, truth and simplicity, that when I put it all together, it left the impression of sublimity on my mind. I had fancied the faults in her style were the effects of effort; not, as I found, of the overflowing richness of her mental qualities. This is a delightful spot; Nairne's taste for wild nature at least equals mine."

The hand of death was approaching. During the spring of 1837, Lord Nairne was seized with influenza, then epidemic. He did not regain strength. Symptoms of a pulmonary ailment supervened. His mother sought the best medical help; she thought of returning to Britain, or proceeding to a warmer climate. The following letter to a relative in England supplies information concerning this anxious period:—

"Brussels, Oct. 11.

"We could not safely get any further than this place. Humanly speaking, this of Nairne's has been a cruel case, as he has suffered more injury from improper treatment, than I could be able to contemplate without distraction, did I not feel that in imploring direction with, I hope, a sincere desire to act with submission to the holy will of Him, who is our *All*, we have in reality been led, and that the present dispensation, dark and trying as it now seems, will even to ourselves soon

appear to be a proof of love. Will you kindly do as you suggest about public prayers, of course, without naming anyone, as I would not feel justified in doing that. I hear of a very good clergyman with whom I hope to get acquainted soon, and we have the benefit of a most satisfactory medical gentleman, one of the professors here, who was long in England, and knows all the modes of treatment. He is, I think, without doubt, a pious man, as he always speaks of his prescriptions as being under the direction of One, who alone can give efficacy to the means. . . . . We have also the blessing of attached and very efficient servants, accustomed to nurse invalids, so that in these respects we have reason to be thankful. And that I should now, when I expected to be about departing this life, have bodily strength enough to give my attendance, is really wonderful. As for the rest, not to suffer is *impossible*, but it is not in wrath, but in mercy, that all our trials are sent. The Dr. says it would be wrong to despair, as cures in Nairne's case have been effected, but no man can answer for the result."

The life of an only child—a dearly beloved son—was trembling in the balance, but the widowed mother was entirely resigned to the Divine will. Her faith was needed.

The case exceeded human skill. A constitution, naturally feeble, was wasting rapidly. Mrs. Keith and her niece now become the correspondents, who are to inform relatives and friends in Britain of this last sad bereavement. In a letter commenced by Mrs. Keith, in the form of a journal, we have the following :—

"November 11th.

"A change to the worse, and I feel now as if there were no hope almost. His mother is a pattern of composure and perfect resignation.

18th.—To-day he is called much better.

19th.—A most anxious day on Nairne's account. . . . The delightful certainty of a gracious change having been wrought in his mind ought to fill our hearts with praise, and to quell all murmurs."

The diary is continued, but simply contains the record of constant changes, for the better or for the worse. The niece sums up :—

"11th December.

"All our hopes and fears, my dear cousin, are now at an end. On the 7th it pleased God to remove our beloved invalid from this scene of suffering. However much this event may have been dreaded by us, the blow has not been the less heavy, now it has fallen, and it is one from which, humanly speaking, his mother can never recover. Her fortitude and resignation have been very great, but that does not render her suffering less acute now. For some weeks he had given us the extreme satisfaction of knowing from his own lips his utter renunciation of self, and his trust in our blessed Redeemer. This he most humbly, sweetly, expressed; and both before and after, gave manifold proofs of a renewed mind. . . . He received the sacrament, at his own request, the day before he died. . . . He was perfectly sensible to the last. He literally fell asleep when dear aunt Nairne had just repeated in the words of Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' which he applied to himself."

William, sixth Lord Nairne, was interred at Brussels, on the 12th December. His remains were accompanied to the grave by many respectable inhabitants of the city, who felt pity for an aged gentlewoman, bereft of her husband, and now childless. In reply to a letter of condolence, addressed to her by her Edinburgh correspondent, her niece wrote as follows :—

"My dear aunt has indeed suffered much, yet she has seen mercy in every step, softening the anguish of this heavy trial."

Henrietta Vouaillat, Lady Nairne's faithful maid, who attended her during these eventful years, lately remarked to one who saw her at Geneva, that after a burst of grief at the first, her mistress bore her heavy

loss with perfect resignation. No murmur escaped her lips.

A change of scene was needed. The party left Brussels in the spring of 1838. After occupying temporary quarters at different spas in Germany, a resting-place was found at Munich. Amidst the art treasures of that capital, the subject of this memoir would, at a former period, have possessed a congenial home. But her tastes were now centred in the better land; the treasures of her heart were there. From Munich she wrote to one of her relatives as follows:—

"30th April, 1839.

I have not now the smallest pleasure in scenery, or anything external, but I know that *all things* are working together for good. I have been enabled to receive the cup as from the hand of love. What to me is heart-rending loss, is to my darling unspeakable gain. I am in the midst of kind friends."

She writes from Salzburg, in August, expressing an intention to spend the winter at Nice, adding, "There we know of a good clergyman." Having referred to the beauty of the environs of Salzburg, she writes—

"What I have seen I could *once* have enjoyed thoroughly; but, once is enough for this world, and it is time that enthusiasm about its enjoyments should be over. To me they exist no longer, and I can give thanks that so it is."

From Nice, Lady Nairne and her party proceeded to Pau, where they established their winter quarters in 1840—1. On New Year's Day, 1841, she thus communicates with her brother's eldest daughter:—

"Pau, 1st January, 1841.

"I have all but given up letter writing, as I think you know, my dear Rachel; but I cannot let the first day of this new year pass away without conveying to you the earnest good wishes of our little party for every blessing to attend you—temporal and spiritual—and may a double portion of the last be granted."

* * * * * *

"I had a very satisfactory letter from James since his marriage. His having a companion so much to his taste is a great relief to my mind. He kindly invited me to reside with him, but I think I proved to him that, had I been equal to the journey, I should have been found a load instead of an acquisition. However, the affectionate manner in which he made the proposal was not lost on me."

In this letter Lady Nairne alludes to the marriage of her correspondent's only surviving brother, James Blair Oliphant, of Gask and Ardblair, to Henrietta Graham, the heiress of James Gillespie Graham, of Orchill. At the time of Lord Nairne's death, and subsequently, the Laird of Gask had invited his aunt Carolina to return to her early home. But, apprehending that her presence might interfere with his forming a matrimonial connection—a step which she had strongly urged upon him—she had declined to accede to his kind offer; holding out hopes, however,—partly in jest,—that she might think of his proposal after he had got a wife. Mr. Oliphant, who was thoroughly in earnest in desiring the society of a relative whom he deeply venerated, had no sooner become a married man, than he renewed his proposals that his beloved kinswoman should cease her continental wanderings, and take shelter in her advanced years under his roof. This offer, we find, was not accepted at first. The

authoress of the "Land o' the Leal," laden with many sorrows, shrank from making herself a burden to a newly-married pair in their heyday of youth and hope. When her nephew's wife joined the entreaties of her husband and gave her assurance that the presence at Gask of one so revered would be no burden, but rather a blessing, she yielded at length, and prepared to return home.

Meanwhile we return to her continental progresses. From Pau she writes to one of her nieces on the 1st November, 1841—

"I am thankful that I often get to church—indeed generally once at least on Sundays, and though fatigue, and sometimes a little increase of rheumatism be the result, they go off again by degrees, and the comfort, and I hope edification, remain. We have a Mr. Hodges for pastor: he is a sound, good preacher, and in reading the prayers and scriptures makes one feel that he himself really *feels* what he is saying. This I think a great excellence."

After expressing her earnest hopes concerning the spiritual condition of some members of the Gask family, she proceeds—

"For my own part, my weaning has been such that I rejoice in the rapid lapse of days, months and years even more than when a too happy wife and mother, I eagerly wished the continuance of domestic happiness—a plain proof of the necessity of heavenly discipline, which has not been withheld."

The party reached Paris in the spring of 1842. There our authoress is still employed in those good works which, as incidental allusions in her letters testify, found her occupation at Nice, Salzburg, Pau, and other places. For bazaars in support of charitable purposes, her needle remained no lawful

day unemployed, unless when she was incapacitated by illness. On Sundays she read or listened to the reading of her favourite portions of Scripture, or of passages from the evangelical divines. She especially admired the writings of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, whom she regarded as a powerful and an enlightened theologian. To her Edinburgh correspondent she writes from Pau in the summer of 1842:—

"I was glad to see your handwriting again; my dislike to the sight of my own has, I fear, made me longer of answering than I ought; but having nothing material to communicate, I shall be the more easily forgiven.

"We have been much occupied about afflicted Spain and its refugees. We worked hard to have a bazaar for them, which was *done* the other day—but not on *Sunday*, as the Paris papers were pleased to announce. Many of the French, and some few Spaniards, listen to the Gospel here. We have the Duchess of Gordon, who is very zealous, and helps many needy persons—which it is difficult to do with good effect. I fear the lines you ask for will not do unless for private use. A Scotch lady here, whom I never met, is so good as, among perfect strangers, to *denounce* me as the origin of the "Land o' the Leal." I cannot trace it, but very much dislike—as ever—any kind of publicity. I wish much success to the Rechabite Society, and speedy growth to the trees on Whisky's tomb.

"My sister and niece join me in kindest remembrances. I trust they have at present no thoughts of going north. What it would be for me to return to Scotland no one can conjecture. I am thankful every day that it is not my duty to do so, and they kindly spare my feelings.

"I would be uneasy about the *Kirk*, if I did not know who rules and overrules all for good. Even the purifying process would be desired, instead of deprecated, if all things in all their bearings were plain to us as they are to our great Head."

In a quarter of a century after these words were written, a royal Spanish refugee sought a home at Paris, and on her happy absence from her own country and its throne, the other refugees of

Spain proceeded to return home. The life of the Duchess of Gordon has been published; a model of Christian biography. Our authoress is again to enter on the subject of the Scottish Kirk, and on that controversy, which culminated in the disruption, and the formation of the Free Church.

A few verses had been solicited from Lady Nairne by her Edinburgh correspondent, and this request was complied with. The letter just quoted contained the inclosure of those verses, commencing "Would you be young again?" The writer was in her seventy-sixth year.

From Paris, Mrs. Keith writes to one of her nieces in the following terms:—

"Paris, January 10th, 1843.

"Your aunt Nairne and I are reminded of our antiquity by a few ailments. Could you let us know whereabouts in Père la Chaise my dear brother lies, and in what street he died? I was told lately that you resembled Lady Nairne. In days of yore it would have been thought no loss to be called like "Miss Car, the pretty;" and even now her features are very *distingué*, especially the nose and forehead."

Mrs. Keith refers to her brother Laurence, who died at Paris in 1819. He it was who pulled down the "Auld House" of Gask, and built the new mansion. His picture proves him to have been the handsomest of all the Lairds of Gask.

In April, James Blair Oliphant, and his amiable wife arrived in Paris to conduct Lady Nairne to that home at Gask, which she had at length consented to accept. The journey homeward was made by slow stages, but with abundant safety.

From Gask Lady Nairne thus writes to her Edinburgh correspondent :—

"Gask, 17th August, 1843.

Resolved as I was but lately never again to visit Scotland, here I am, by the kind persuasion of my nephew Oliphant and his amiable Lady. We arrived the 7th of last month, after a prosperous journey and voyage, for which I fancied myself quite unfit in my feeble state. But strength was given when needed. We left Mrs. Keith and M. H. in Paris. They were to stay a little time in London, and were to sail to Dundee. I hope you do not know the kind of feeling that I have in my head. It is as if all the bees in the country had assembled in my ears. I cannot blame the climate, as I felt it first in Italy, though it is now more overcoming. Of course I hear ill, but time may have a hand in that as well as the bees. Do you still collect for the Jews? What do you think of the state of the Church here and in England?"

So the humour of the authoress of "John Tod" and "The hundred Pipers," which remained latent, as she contemplated the afflictions of others, found a valve of escape in describing her own. She felt "as if all the bees in the country had assembled in her ears," and was satisfied that time had its share in producing her deafness, "as well as the bees." But her humour is the flash of a moment. In the next breath, she expresses an interest in the conversion of the ancient people and her concern in the welfare of the Churches. The following letter of Lady Nairne is addressed to a niece in England. She reports as to the state of her health, and refers to the proposed erection of a chapel at Gask, for the services of the Church of England :—

"Gask, 21st Sept. 1843.

You must have sympathized with me on my return to this sweet place, after so long an interval. My own wish, I con-

fess, was never to see Scotland again; but dear James' kind persuasion turned the balance, and I hope I am in the path of duty. I do not see what use I am of in this world. There is not a little discipline in the endless recollections and associations that crowd upon me at every step; and various articles have arrived from my once too beloved home in Edinburgh. For some weeks after my arrival I limped up stairs, now I can walk a little, and have had an airing in the pony carriage. I have been once to church in the afternoon. James sometimes tantalizes me by speaking of a chapel where the old kirk was; how I should enjoy using the nice prayer book you gave me! I have read much on both sides of the evils threatening the Scottish Church."

The excellent gentlewoman at Edinburgh, who was in possession of all her literary secrets, who had been one of her associates on the committee of the *Scotish Minstrel*, and with whom she had maintained a friendly correspondence for many years, expressed a desire that her venerable friend should send her a few more lays similar in strain to that which had been received from Paris, to be used in a new edition of the *Minstrel*, or in some other work. The following is her Ladyship's answer:—

"Gask, 24th Oct. 1843.

"I have been too long of thanking you for your very acceptable packet which I now cordially do, and especially for 'Death' and 'All for the best,' but I have been painfully occupied of late. I had to arrange a multitude of papers and letters that *now* tear a poor frail heart to pieces—once received and read with delight. The warning is wholesome, though severe, and the cords that bound too firmly to earth being cut, the tendency is heavenwards. I own my great pleasure is in the rapid flight of time, if it could but be spent to some good purpose in honour of the great cause. I do hope and trust with you that the commotions in the Church of Scotland may tend to the advancement of the Gospel in its purity. I am anxious for the prosperity of the Free Church, and amongst their number pity only those who may have joined from half-

way motives. The true disciples will be kept in peace and safety I have no doubt.

"I have not had leisure to examine the *Minstrel*, but I remember you and I agreed that *Scottish* ought to have a double *t*; this reads *Sco-tish.** I despair of doing anything now to help your plans; if I did the *ideas* must come from you."

Miss Rachel Oliphant, at Weston, received the following letter from her aunt Nairne, dated 25th November. It is much to be feared that the writer carried out her intention of destroying her correspondence, since no letters addressed to her during the entire period of her married life have been found among the Gask papers:—

"Gask, 25th November, 1843.

"I profess to have given up letter writing, yet I receive a good many letters from friends, old and young. It is very cold, and I almost live in my rooms, and only go down to the drawing room about eight in the evening, when James reads aloud. I sometimes see the clergyman of this parish. Say something kind from me to the dear A's . . . I loved their mother very much, when quite a girl, and she used to make quite a companion of me. I have lately been fully employed in arranging old papers sent me from our dear cottage, where the letters of grandfather and great-grandfather had been deposited. There are letters more than a hundred years old, which express hopes and anxieties like our own. This makes life indeed a dream. I have more modern letters which once brought gladness, now heaviness of heart; they must be destroyed, there being no one after me to whom they can have the same interest. My great comfort is that

'Unsent by Him no good can come;
No evil can befall.'

I find few of the poor people here who remember me, except by name; but I like to hear of them, as I remember many of

* The title of the Minstrel is indicated thus, "The Scotish Minstrel." This mode of dispensing with the two t's was, we remember, stoutly upheld by our late venerated friend, Dr. David Irving, author of the 'Lives of the Scotish Poets.'

their grandfathers. Everything leads me back to early youth, and what has passed between my first and last abode at Gask seems as a mixed and wonderful dream. Yet mercy and truth have followed me all the days of my life.

The severity of a Scottish winter threatened to effect seriously the health of the aged invalid. During the month of December, Lady Nairne experienced a severe shock of paralysis. We shall describe the attack in her own words. Seldom has the biographer to present evidence of greater calmness in the prospect of death. The letter is addressed to her Edinburgh correspondent:—

"This is now December 23rd. On the 7th I was suddenly struck with palsy on the left side, and quite lost the use of my leg and arm, with little power to support my head. I am more thankful for the right hand now than when I had the free use of both. The limb gets slowly better, but the arm is useless, though also better. I thought myself, when first seized, delightfully near the unseen world, but am now told I may still linger here, nobody knows how long; but that is known to One who does all things well, and on this with full confidence I rely, praying to know no will but His. . . . .

I can *read* a little—that means I can read your writing. *Sunday*: My peace and joy in the prospect of death, which were great, all arose from a clear view of being utterly lost in myself, but pardoned and accepted through the blood which cleanseth from all sin. 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' O that all would come!"

After New-year the health of our invalid considerably rallied, and she proceeded to renew her aid to good works. She had been informed of a movement in the capital to support the claims of Mr. Joseph Mainzer, as an instructor in sacred music, and she cordially joined in awarding countenance to this deserving person. To her Edinburgh correspondent she communicated as follows:—

"Gask, 26th January, 1844.

"I wonder if another attack is likely. How blessed not to fear it! Sweet to lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His." * * * *

"It is not at all probable that I shall be in Edinburgh, or e'en though *there*, that in my state of health I should be able to attend any meetings; but I have always felt a deep interest in music, as a divine art, too often made a vehicle of evil, but which, when properly learned, might produce most important results both in a religious and moral point of view. Therefore, subscribe for me and give those who are able to avail themselves of this mighty boon, the power to do so. I have never seen Mainzer, but from what I hear and read of his works, notwithstanding my national predilections, I am convinced that he would, though a foreigner, have been a most efficient professor. If, unfortunately, this should not be, let us do what we can to promote his views through the medium of schools. I also much approve of the coffee houses; make me a subscriber there too. We have long punished crime; let us now act on wise principles, and try prevention."

On the 26th March, Mr. Oliphant, of Gask, communicates to his relatives at Weston:—

"Aunt Nairne has recommenced her visits to the drawing-room, which her attack of paralysis suspended for three months. She seems more drowsy, but is wonderfully cheerful, and is all alive to the events of the day. It is quite the "Palace of Truth" system that we go upon here, and I have seen the justice of much that her great experience and penetration have suggested in our interesting confabs. She has the peculiar faculty of eliciting the faculties of others."

Many of Lady Nairne's subsequent letters relate to benefactions to the public charities. Her gifts were coupled with one condition; that the donor's name should be undivulged. In remitting forty pounds to a niece at Weston in February 1844, of which a moiety was to be devoted to the Bristol Channel Society, and the other to the benefit of a needy Christian household, she writes:—"The £40

will be in *your name* at your bankers in London." In May of the same year she remitted to her Edinburgh correspondent the sum of £50, to be handed to Dr. Chalmers for the support of Gaelic Schools in the Highlands. "Only say," she writes, "that a friend begged of you to apply it for the schools." A few months afterwards she addressed to the same correspondent these words:—

"I wish to know if you have any object in view, that is connected with the advancement of religion, and that a few spare pounds would assist. I often think of the Jews, and would not lose sight of them. I will desire Mr. Lindsay to give you £25, and I am sure it will be judiciously employed in the great cause. I will not make apologies for giving you this trouble."
"N.B.—The above is one of our secrets."

Some time after this, a daughter of her old friend Mrs. Colquhoun, who had married and settled in London, presented to Lady Nairne a statement concerning the erection of schools in the district of Trinity, Mile End, Stepney. That letter brought the following reply:—

"You know, my dear, that I am not acquainted with Mr. B., and therefore am ignorant of his sentiments as to Church matters. You mention intending to build a school. Tell me if it is to be thoroughly Protestant, in other words free of Puseyism. My conscience is concerned in this question, and therefore I ask you freely, knowing you will be open with me. I have at present the disposing of a little money, which by an arrangement of my darling Nairne's, is in my hands. And though this is no great sum, I could gladly give £40 or £50 towards promoting the truth. From what I have always heard of you I should think you likely to see the sin and vanity of teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

The benevolent writer of this letter being satisfied that the schools were to be established in the

interest of a sound Christianity sent a benefaction of forty pounds.

When remote from the scene of debate, Lady Nairne had been concerned respecting the controversy which agitated the Scottish Church. On her return to Scotland that interest increased, and though she did not ally herself to either party, she was inclined to extend her sympathy to the Free Church. She regarded, with especial honour, those of its ministers who, in the maintenance of principles they deemed vital, had surrendered their livings, and cast themselves upon the world. To her Edinburgh correspondent, she related, with sentiments of commendation, some particulars of self-denial, which had been exercised by certain of her relations, that they might be enabled, with greater liberality, to contribute to the fund for supporting the clergy of the new Communion. On the other hand, Lady Nairne deplored the illiberal sentiments towards their former brethren, which had been exhibited by some of the less enlightened supporters of the Free Church, especially in the Highlands. Being informed that a housekeeper, who had lost her situation for joining in the Free Church riots in Ross-shire, had been recommended to Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant for a similar situation in their household, she could not forbear objecting to her being employed. On this subject she thus expresses herself to her Edinburgh correspondent:—

"I should be sorry if one so strongly prejudiced were introduced into the family, since, though there is a leaning

to the evangelical body, yet, unhappily, there is much said on the other side."

Lady Nairne continued to devote a portion of her attention to the leading publications on both sides of the controversy. In the beginning of 1845, she writes to her correspondent at Edinburgh:—

"Our clerical affairs seem in confusion; but the love here of the Church still reigns and rules. Have you seen a pamphlet by a Mr. Miles, signed 'X. Y. Z?' It is the strongest thing I have seen for the Established Church, and tries to prove the Free Church scheme founded in error. I have always hoped they were right; such sacrifices made to error would be sad; but I would like to see this paper well answered, and to feel that the many good men, who have left all for conscience' sake, really have their consciences well informed, and are acting from deep religious feeling, and not a plausible theory."

The reader may not be unwilling to learn somewhat concerning a publication, which, though the circumstances which gave rise to it have passed into history, excited an uncommon interest at the time of its appearance, and attracted the attention of the authoress of the "Land o' the Leal." The Rev. Thomas Myles, author of "The Kernel of the Controversy," is minister at Aberlemno, Forfarshire, and is favourably known as the author of several *brochures* on ecclesiastical subjects. The argument insisted on in "The Kernel," will be better understood by referring to the circumstances which gave rise to the conflict in the Scottish Church.

The controversy originated in a desire to provide a remedy for the evils of unrestricted patronage. By the Act of the British Parliament, 1712, c. 12, "Presbyteries are bound and astricted to receive and

admit whatsomever qualified minister presented by his majesty, or laick patrons." In carrying out this law, it occasionally happened that a minister was settled over a people who had a strong aversion to him. With the view of remedying this evil, the Church, in 1834, passed the *Veto Act*, by which it was enacted, that no presentee should be settled over a parish if the greater number of the male heads of families, members of the Church, objected to him.

A case soon arose which put this new Act to the proof. A probationer was presented to a parish, and was objected to. He was in consequence rejected by the Presbytery, and the rejection was confirmed by the General Assembly. The patron and presentee proceeded to the civil courts. The Supreme Civil Court decided that the Assembly, in passing the Veto Act, had acted *ultra vires*, and that the Presbytery was bound to take the presentee on trial, and to admit him to the vacant charge, if they should find him qualified.

The principle was finally established by the decisions of the civil courts, that in reference to the appointment of ministers to vacant parishes, there is a certain specified course laid down by Parliament for the guidance of the Church, and that she is under a civil obligation, which can be enforced by the ordinary compulsitors of law, to follow out that course. The Churchmen of those days met this principle by laying down another: that it is unlawful for a Church to come under a civil obligation to follow out a specified course laid down for her guidance by

the State, either in regard to the appointment of ministers, or other spiritual concerns. This principle formed the kernel, or central point of the famous Convocation resolutions, on the ground of which the secession of 1843 took place.

It was to meet this view that "The Kernel of the Controversy" was written. In this publication it is maintained that it is not wrong to come under a civil obligation, as to a spiritual matter, provided the thing which the Church comes under an obligation to do, is in itself right. And the upholders of the Free Church were challenged to make out a contrary proposition from Scriptural statement, or by logical deduction from Scriptural principles.

In her letters to her Edinburgh correspondent, Lady Nairne mentions other works, which had afforded pleasure to herself and the Gask family circle. Of these the most valued was D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation." She writes:—

"We are busy every evening with Luther, and find it very interesting, especially since his almost inspired character has been developed. If we had him now, our Church would not wear the aspect that it does."

The "Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne," edited by the Rev. Andrew Bonar, was a work deeply prized by the aged disciple at Gask. Passages of this most edifying volume were frequently read to her, and always to her comfort. It found a permanent place in her *boudoir*. She "much liked" the writings of the Rev. George Gilfillan. Both his "Scottish Covenan-

ters," and his "Gallery of Literary Portraits," were favourites.

She retained an undiminished interest in Scottish Song. During a visit to Edinburgh, in the spring of 1844, she waited on those friends, with whom she had enjoyed a pleasant intercourse during the publication of the *Minstrel.* A lady had remarked that she found in the *Minstrel* "lines which surprized her, from the professed propriety of the work." The speaker was ignorant of our authoress's share in the production, and the remark caused a deep wound. Respecting the passages objected to, she wrote to her Edinburgh correspondent:—"I never was for concessions of this kind, nor, indeed, for retaining silly nonsense, though ever so old." During the Edinburgh visit, she was induced to promise her assistance in the preparation of an "Infant's Music Book." In connexion with it, she writes from Gask as follows:—

"Should the air be already provided, please return the annexed sheepish child's song. If it is still wanted, and alterations are thought necessary, I will make any suggested myself, as, on some former occasions, those that were made for me did not quite accord with my taste."

Rapidly increasing weakness, and repeated attacks of acute illness, satisfied the authoress of the "Land o' the Leal" that her life could not be prolonged; she promised to bestow on her Edinburgh correspondent a little keepsake. The greatest treasure in the Gask repositories was a lock of Prince Charles Edward's hair, which had been the property of Lady Strowan,

our authoress's grandmother. It is thus referred to in the song of "The Auld House":—

> "The Leddy, too, sae genty,
> There shelter'd Scotland's heir;
> And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,
> Frae his lang yellow hair."

In this description the Poetess afterwards acknowledged, that in her youthful exuberance she had indulged a poetic license. The lock was acquired under circumstances less romantic. The writer of the verses shall relate the story herself. "I enclose," she writes to her Edinburgh friend, "a few of *Charlie's hairs*, which were given to my grandmother, Strowan, the day they were cut, by the man who cut them, one John Stewart,* an attendant of the Prince. This is marked on the paper in her own hand-writing. I have often heard her mention this John Stewart, who dressed the Prince's hair. The writing had been done in James's lifetime, for an outer paper is marked, 'The King's hair,' to correct the inner, which is inscribed 'The Prince's hair.'"

In the autumn of 1844, Lady Nairne began to suffer from another infirmity of advanced years—an impaired memory. She had forgotten several of her earlier and best songs; she could not recall the words, and only very imperfectly the airs to which they were written. But she never forgot about "the little pinch" of the Prince's hair, which she had transmitted to her friend. She asked, in a succession of letters, whether it had been received.

* Stewart is thus referred to in 1762 by Lady Nairne's father, then in exile: "Very lucky it is that the P. has so worthy a lad about him."

There was another, and much more important subject, respecting which the memory of our authoress did not wane—the blessed work of redemption through a Saviour. We shall permit her to express her sentiments on this precious theme in her own words. During the progress of her recovery from her paralytic attack, in the winter of 1843-4, she writes :—

"I am able to go from one room to another for change of air, leaning on two maids, and I hope those who have strength will be thankful, and use it well. I never knew what illness was till now. May I be patient and thankful for sparing mercy."

The following remarks, addressed to her Edinburgh correspondent, bear date the 12th of May, 1844 :—

"Life is a perpetual repetition of resignation and submission. I hope it will soon be over. It is a mercy to be spared great bodily pain which many suffer. We should try to count our mercies. I have a Swiss maid, who feels for me, and watches like a near relation. . . . I hardly write to anybody now; you see why? few could read. I hope, however, you will not give up writing, since one of my few pleasures is to hear any good account of the great work going on in the world, especially among the Jews."

To the cause of Jewish missions Lady Nairne had long been a liberal contributor.

Every letter now bears some reference to the spiritual life—the better land. The following letter was written on the second day of January, 1845. It is addressed to her friend at Edinburgh :—

"I am uneasy at my own long silence to you, and now being, contrary to my own expectation, spared to see the beginning of one year more, my first letter of 1845 is addressed to you. May it bring you and yours all that

is truly good for you in soul and body; and your strength being equal to your day, may you be long spared to give an active, helping hand to the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom. I am weak as a child, and can do nothing, but I rejoice in whatever is done, whoever may be appointed to the work."

To the daughter of her early friend, Mrs. Colquhoun, she wrote a long, kind letter, which commenced with these words :—

"Gask, 4th March, 1843.

"I am truly thankful, and often wonder at the tenderness with which I am gradually brought low. . . . How wise it is to give ourselves up to the Lord at once, and in so doing, to possess every blessing, for time and eternity, for ourselves and every member of our family."

Towards the close of the summer, our authoress learned from her Edinburgh correspondent, that she had a brother, who was a great invalid, and was not expected to recover. She replied immediately, in words of tender sympathy. Her letter closed with these words : "I pray we may all meet where hope is changed to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise!" When the shadow of death had passed, the authoress of "The Land o' the Leal" hastened to dispatch words of condolence. She wrote :—

"I rejoice in your comfortable assurance of your friend's safety. With that conviction, I do not pity survivors. I have learned to exchange the bitter sense of privation, which was but selfish, for grateful praises, on account of their present happiness, which is dearer to me than my own. . . . . This life is indeed a dream. It will be over soon. I don't know who says, but I often repeat :

"Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Soon shall pass my pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise."

In the beginning of September, Lady Nairne received a visit from her Edinburgh correspondent. It was not prolonged, lest the aged invalid might suffer from the excitement of conversation. The visitor returned to Edinburgh, and to her delighted surprise, received, a few weeks after, the following letter from her aged friend. It was the last she wrote. We present it entire.

"My dear friend,—It was quite refreshing to have had a peep of you. Would you send me a copy of the 'Infants' Music Book,' and tell me the price? It seems well adapted for the purpose. I have had my maid more than ten years; I brought her from Geneva. She is quite a jewel to me, and a true Christian. It begins to be too cold for my airings. I am still weaker than when you were here; but all is well. I believe it is the 25th September."

During her latter years the authoress of "The Land o' the Leal" was much interested in the religious training of the young. She was concerned about infant and Sunday schools. The teacher of a school at Gask had spoken to her of "The Happy Land," as a hymn, which the children delighted to sing. "Repeat it," said her Ladyship. She listened attentively, and as the teacher concluded, said: "It is pretty, very sweet, but might be clearer. Remember, unless the work of Christ for them as sinners comes in—the ransom—the substitution—what you teach, is worthless for their souls." *

The curtain closes. On the 25th of October our invalid took exercise in the garden in her wheeled

* "The Happy Land" was composed by Mr. Andrew Young, of Elm Row, Edinburgh, formerly English Master in Madras College, St. Andrews.

chair. Next day she complained of breathlessness. The family physician reported that the condition of the patient justified serious apprehensions. All remedies were without efficacy; the malady could not be arrested. On the morning of the second day a distressing cough subsided, but was followed by a greater difficulty of breathing. The patient lost the power of utterance, but remained conscious. She listened to portions of Scripture and verses from her favourite hymns, read to her by that niece who had been the affectionate companion of her travels. The patient extended her hand in token of appreciation, and gratitude, and hope. She gradually became weaker; at length her spirit passed peacefully away.

Lady Nairne died on Monday, the 27th October, 1845, aged seventy-nine. At the close of the week her mortal remains were consigned to the dust. Her coffin was borne by the four sons of James Stevenson, a faithful retainer of the family. Among the company were her contemporaries Lords Strathallan and Rollo, attached friends of the House of Oliphant. At the grave, the burial service was read by the Rev. Sir William Dunbar, Bart. The deceased was buried under a structure on the site of the old parish church, which was intended to form a chapel for Episcopal service. It had lately been founded by the Laird of Gask, aided by the purse of the aged relative, who, before its completion, was, in its hallowed inclosure, to find a tomb. There, too, beside that relative's remains, the founder was soon

to rest from his labours. James Blair Oliphant, of Gask, was interred within the little chapel in 1847.

No more appropriate tomb could have been constructed for the authoress of "The Land o' the Leal." At that spot her ancestors and their dependents had worshipped together for generations. Many of her forefathers are interred in the surrounding churchyard. The policies of Gask House environ the place of sepulture. The Earn flows near. The chapel is a small, but elegant structure, of Norman architecture, designed by Gillespie Graham. A simple plate, inscribed with her name, denotes the grave of the Strathearn Poetess.

Lady Nairne lived to do good, avoided publicity, and courted the shade. From the scene of life she desired to pass away silently, there to be remembered only by her friends and relatives. When she died, her powers as an authoress were known only to a few; her works of beneficence to a very few.

Dr. Chalmers was the first to proclaim her Christian liberality. At a meeting held at Edinburgh, on the 29th December, 1845, on behalf of the West Port Mission, that eloquent divine spoke as follows:—

"Let me speak now as to the countenance we have received. I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction, which I received about a year ago. Inquiry was made of me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to apply it to charitable purposes; and she wanted me to enumerate a list of charitable objects, in proportion to the estimate I had of their value. Accordingly, I furnished her with a scale of about five or six

charitable objects. The highest in the scale were those institutions which had for their design the Christianizing of the people at home; and I also mentioned to her, in connection with the Christianizing of the people at home, what we were doing at the West Port, and there came to me from her, in the course of a day or two, no less a sum than £300. She is now dead; she is now in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions of secrecy, and, accordingly, I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was dead, I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to proclaim it, because I thought that her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her; and I am happy to say that I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairne, of Perthshire. It enabled us, at the expense of £330, to purchase sites for schools and a church; and we have got a site in the very heart of the locality, with a very considerable extent of ground for a washing-green, a washing-house, and a play-ground for the children, so that we are a good step in advance towards the completion of our parochial economy."

On her final establishment at Gask, Lady Nairne was solicited to allow her songs to be published in a separate form. On the condition that her name should not be mentioned, she consented, and transmitted to her Edinburgh correspondent some of her unpublished compositions to be included in the volume. She died while the work was preparing. A few months after her departure, application was made to Mrs. Keith, her surviving sister and nearest representative, for permission to publish the songs, with the name of the writer. To that application Mrs. Keith returned the following answer:—

"January 16, 1846.

"My niece and I are both of opinion that my beloved sister Nairne had not the least thought or wish to have her name ever published as authoress of those beautiful words to

different tunes; yet we think there can be nothing wrong in letting it be known that she wrote them."

Consequent on this permission, appeared an elegant folio, with the following title: "Lays from Strathearn, by Carolina, Baroness Nairne. Arranged with symphonies and accompaniments for the pianoforte, by Finlay Dun." This publication contained seventy of Lady Nairne's songs. In a subsequent edition thirteen lays were added. The present work contains several more, and a proportion of the whole have been compared with the originals.

The merits of Lady Nairne as a song-writer have been acknowledged by several competent writers. "Who," writes Miss Keddie, "that has heard 'The Land o' the Leal' sung in a Scotch gloaming to a hushed group of listeners, will not confirm my words, that there is no song, not even of Burns, nor of Moore, nor of the French Beranger, nor the German Heine, which approaches, on its own ground, 'The Land o' the Leal.'" The tenderness is exquisite. The "bonnie bairn" has departed, and the aged parents are mourners. The mother first surmounts the bereaving stroke; but it is because she expects soon to follow her darling to the better land. She is moved by the energy of a strong faith; she sees the angels beckoning her to the home of rest. Exhorting her husband to be loyal to his God, she bids him farewell, and speaks of a speedy and deathless re-union. They are to meet in a purchased inheritance—in a land where care, and privation, and

sorrow are unknown; where bereavements are unfelt; where the lost shall be restored, and where joys shall be perpetual. The future abode of the blessed was never depicted under a figure more striking than that of "The Land o' the Leal." The Scottish word requires no translation. Even the child grasps its meaning.

"Gude nicht, an' Joy" is, though in a different measure, conceived in the same strain of simple pathos. In this respect it ranks with Laidlaw's "Lucy's Flittin'," and Burns's "Lament for Highland Mary;" but while these poets leave their heroines in the dust, the author of "Gude nicht an' Joy" anticipates new joys beyond the tomb.

> "But oh! whare sorrow canna' win,
> Nor parting tears are shed ava',
> May we meet neighbours, kith and kin,
> And joy for aye be wi' us a'."

To the song-writer of Strathearn hope was a bright meteor-star; it pervaded her inner being, and has imparted a decided character to her minstrelsy. When feeble and aged, her delight was in listening to such compositions as Thomas Campbell's "Lines to the Rainbow," and those lays which pointed to the realms of the immortal. How replete with the best aspirations of the earnest heart are such compositions as "Fareweel, O Fareweel!" "Songs of my Native Land," "What's this Vain World to Me," "Would you be Young Again," "Here's to Them that are Gane." How gently does our authoress deal with the erring! Who, but a

stranger to the power of sympathy, could read "The Mitherless Lammie" without emotion?

In celebrating scenes consecrated by the virtues of the patriot, Lady Nairne puts forth her whole strength. "Bonny Gascon Ha'" has the ring of the older ballads, combined with a charm of earnestness peculiar to the writer. The concluding verse, in reference to the great Scottish Chief, is in her happiest style.

> "Gi'e pillar'd fame to common men,
> Nae need o' cairns for ane like thee;
> In ev'ry cave, wood, hill, and glen,
> Wallace remember'd aye shall be."

"Castell Gloom" is a descriptive history, touchingly told. "The Auld House" is a picture of the ways of the old Scottish manor, with its hospitable lord and lady. It combines the graphic touches of Burns's "Auld Lang Syne" with the plaintiveness of Motherwell, in "Jeanie Morrison."

Though descended from a family which had never conformed to Presbyterianism, Lady Nairne entirely appreciated the devotion and self-sacrifice of the adherents of the Covenant. Her "Pentland Hills" is not inferior to Hislop's "Cameronian's Dream." Hogg, in his Covenanting lays, has produced none more impressive; Mrs. Stuart Menteith has not reached it in power of language; and sweetly and forcibly as they have sung of the strong faith of the persecuted, neither Henry Inglis, nor James Dodds, nor James Murray have presented illustrations of

Covenanting heroism more true to nature. "The Widow's Lament," of Lady Nairne, reminds us of the plaintive ballads of "Gil Morice," and "Helen of Kirkconnell," while the Strathearn Poetess holds up, amidst the gloom of death, the torch of hope.

As a Jacobite song-writer, Lady Nairne is unsurpassed. The anonymous minstrel literature of the two Scottish rebellions is not lacking in melodramatic force. Yet numerous phrases in these compositions testify that the bards were vindictive and coarse. Some modern poets have produced effective Jacobite songs. Glen's song commencing "A wee bird cam to our ha' door," is exquisitely touching; "Flora Macdonald's Lament," by Hogg, is a masterpiece of pathos; and the Shepherd's "Cam' ye by Athol," is a noble gathering song, well written in every line. The Jacobite songs of Lady Nairne breathe the loyal fervour of a warm-hearted people, awake a compassionate sympathy for the ill-starred adventurer, and excite to valour and patriotism.

Her humorous songs are eminently mirthful. As a picture of old Scottish wooing, what can equal "The Laird o' Cockpen"? The laird's look of wonder when the lady gave her refusal, so decided, so unexpected, might form a study for the pencil of Cruikshank. "Jamie the Laird" represents another aspect of rejected addresses, in which the suitor meets with intense ridicule and hatred from her whom he condescends to love. His defects might have been less apparent, but that his conceit was intolerable. "John Tod" we laugh at for his odd,

rough ways; but he remains a favourite for his virtues.

"The Lass o' Gowrie" wins all hearts. So does Jeanie in "Huntingtower." In the song "Caller Herrin," the screech of the Newhaven fishwoman is mellowed into the softest music. These lays are sung by Scotsmen of all ranks and conditions. "Balloo loo Lammy" lulls the infant to rest. The truant school-boy is reproved and counselled in the instructive stanzas of "The Idle Laddie." The proceedings of the juvenile tea-party are enlivened by the song of the "Soiree." The hind captivates his fair one by the "Lea-Rig" and "Saw ye nae my Peggy;" and as the milkmaid sings "The Lanely Lassie" the heart of the passing swain is subdued and lost. Matrimonial joys are enhanced as "the gudewife" sings "Kind Robin lo'es me." The songs of the Strathearn Poetess cheer the boatman at the oar, animate the soldier on the field of battle, enliven the chamber of the sick, revive old age, and pointing to the "Land o' the Leal," comfort and sustain the dying. Her strains are sung on the hill-side, at the plough, and on the harvest-field; they are popular in the concert-room, and are favourites in every musical assembly. By the sons of Caledonia these lays have been sung on the plains of India, in the deserts of Africa, on the steppes of Labrador, and amidst the prairies of South America. In Canada and throughout the United States they are as familiar as in the land of their birth.

Seldom has any minstrelsy less redounded to a

personal celebrity, yet been more efficient in amending the manners of a people. Lady Nairne might have been a hymn-writer. To the harp she preferred the lyre, having correctly estimated its power. She has bequeathed a legacy to her country, which succeeding generations will acknowledge and enjoy. Already the coarse ribaldry of the chapman's ballads has departed. The peasantry retain their favourite tunes, with new and unoffending words.

The personal aspects of our Poetess are represented in the portrait with which this volume is adorned. The original was painted as a half-length portrait, by the late Sir John Watson Gordon, in 1816, and is preserved at Gask. It has been successfully photographed and engraved. In her fiftieth year the "Flower of Strathearn" retains her charms. The countenance is of the aristocratic type; the nose aquiline, a small mouth, dark expressive eyes, and a high and gracefully rounded forehead. Her hands and arms were elegantly shaped; of tall stature, she walked with a stately gait; her every movement betokened the polished gentlewoman. Her manners were such as to evoke respect and reverence. She possessed an abundant vivacity, and much enjoyed the tale of humour. By her kindly ways she attracted the young.

After her great sorrow, Lady Nairne became somewhat pensive, but she was ever ready to administer words of comfort to others. She sought to help forward every good cause which might be proceeding in her neighbourhood. She was a diligent

reader—had studied theological literature, and was conversant with the history of nations. She was acquainted with the best Continental writers. With the song and ballad literature of Scotland she was familiar from her childhood She played on several instruments so effectively, that she charmed every as embly.

In her advanced years she was deeply interested in the news of the Churches. She made notes on the books she read so long as she was able. When failing eyesight compelled her to renounce reading, Henriette, her attendant, read to her from her favourite authors. These readings were often protracted till after midnight.

As a Christian gentlewoman, Lady Nairne was an honour to her country and age. No dispenser of charity ever fulfilled the injunction more literally as to the bestowal of alms in secret. When any of her good deeds became known, she was sensibly pained. "Religion is a walking and not a talking concern" was her favourite maxim; she acted upon it. She was faithful in reproof. When her nieces were at school she wrote them long letters, pointing out the faults of their characters, and exhorting them to piety. She abhorred deception, but even when deceived she was ready to forgive. A courier robbed her and she discharged him, but hearing that he was in circumstances of indigence, she transmitted a donation of twenty pounds to the relief of his family. She lived frugally, and bestowed no inconsiderable portion of her income for the benefit

of others. Till her strength failed, she daily occupied herself in preparing articles of ladies' work for the bazaars.

Of a generous and loving nature, Lady Nairne was deeply attached to her husband and son. She was conscious of the warmth of her affection, and said sometimes that she feared she had set up idols and had suffered accordingly. On the evening of young Lord Nairne's funeral, she exhorted the physician who came to inquire after her health, to abandon his avowed infidelity. To enable her to present a book, when the perusal was likely to do good, she would not hesitate to remove a leaf hallowed by the name of the departed. Henriette Vouaillat, her attendant for eleven years preceding her death, may be allowed to give testimony. To a member of the family who lately saw her at Geneva, she concluded a strain of eulogy on her mistress in these words, "My Lady Nairne approached as near to an angel as human weakness might permit." The pardonable hyperbole of a reverent affection is not needed to sum up the character of our accomplished authoress. In the happy combination of genius with the moral virtues, and in the entire abnegation of self, she presents a character rarely exhibited in literary biography.

A short narrative concerning the noble House of Nairne may not be unacceptable. Robert Nairne, representative of an old landed family in Perthshire, took up arms in the cause of Charles I., and was

on this account ten years imprisoned in the Tower. On the Restoration he was knighted, appointed a Lord of Session, and in 1681 raised to the peerage as Lord Nairne. By his patent, his honours were reserved for his only child Margaret, conjointly with her husband, Lord William Murray, fourth son of John, Marquis of Athol, and brother of the first Duke. This peer took part in the insurrection of 1715, and was captured at Preston—tried and condemned. He escaped decapitation by the timely passing of the Act of Indemnity. As the Perthshire estates were vested in his wife, they were not forfeited. His son John, third Lord Nairne, brother to Lady Gask and Lady Strowan, engaged in the Rebellion of 1745. Six months after the battle of Culloden he escaped to Sweden, in the same ship with the Oliphants; he died in France in 1770. Having been included in the Act of Attainder, his estates were confiscated. They were ultimately purchased by the Athol family.

The Nairne estates were extensive and valuable. The family mansion was designed by Sir William Bruce, the celebrated architect. It stood at Leak in Strathord, Perthshire, and was styled "the glory of the Strath." The drawing from which our artist has prepared his sketch was executed by James Nairne, eldest son of the attainted earl; it is now in the possession of the Rev. David Foggo, minister at St. Monance, Fifeshire, great-grandson of that chamberlain of the estates who shared the family misfortunes. To the drawing of his ancestral seat, James Nairne has appended the following note:—

THE MANSION HOUSE OF NAIRNE, PERTHSHIRE.

"The south-east prospect of Nairne, built of cut stone, in the year of God 1709, and destroyed by James, Duke of Athol, the nearest relation and pretended friend of the family, which proves the following scripter—that a man's foes shall be those of his own household. Matt. x. and 36. The house was designed from a plan of Sir William Bruce, architect, who built the Palace of Holy Rood Abby, Edinburgh, and the house of Kinross. This elevation is drawn from my memory, the ornaments, entabletires, archetrives, friezes, and cornice and other members being omitted. There were thirteen large rooms on a floor besides closets with vents; it stood in the middle of a very improvable estate, six miles in extent, larger than the island of Guernsey. The plantation of trees, natural wood, &c., sold at a moderate price, would have been double the purchase money. The largest stream of fresh water in Great Britain is within two miles of it called the Tague or Tay. St. Johnstown or Perth is the port for shipping within six miles of the same, where there are coals of every kind bought. N.B. The ground floor of the house was all vaulted, where were the cellars, kitchens, pantreys, bakehouse, brewhouse, dairy, and other conveniences, with a large brook or stream of water near it sufficient to turn a mill, which was conveyed to the house in many shapes."

"The only relic," writes Mr. Foggo, "known to exist of Nairne House is the belfry, which was given at the demolition of the mansion to the town of Perth, and may be yet seen there as the crowning ornament of King James VI.'s hospital, but the bell-tree remains near the site of the house, marking the spot near which the followers of Lord Nairne were marshalled on the morning when they set out to join the Prince's army. The Prince dined and passed a night in the house on his way from Blair-Athol to the South. The locality is thus connected with the romantic expedition of 1745, and the writer has a lively recollection of some aged men whom he met there in his youth, who spoke of

these times with much emotion, while describing the oppression of the dominant party, and the transfer of the estate for a moiety of its value to a neighbouring family. It was the remark of one of these old men, 'We were a' rebels here about;'* of another, 'Nairne house was a bonnie house, it had 365 windows, ane for ilka day o' the year;' of a third, 'that his grandfather had from his boyhood served as page to Lord Nairne, and had followed him throughout all his wanderings.'. The love of my informant himself for the locality had fixed him there for life, though his early companions had left for other scenes."

"Nairne House," adds Mr. Foggo, "was destroyed in 1764. The district was, for some time after the battle of Culloden, placed under the surveillance of the Hessian troops, who arrived in Scotland too late for the campaign, and were billeted in Perth and in the adjacent country. The farmhouse of Balmacollie, near the old burying-ground of Logiebride, was a station occupied by these soldiers. My ancestor was occupant of the farm; he held in wadset other

* Though no portion of the Queen's subjects are more loyal to the throne, or more attached to Her Majesty's person, than the inhabitants of the Highlands of Perthshire, the memory of "Prince Charlie" is still cherished with patriotic ardour. During the recent contest for the Parliamentary representation of the county, one of the candidates, being an Englishman, was objected to as having no personal claims on the constituency. This might have proved a powerful argument against him, but for the timely discovery by his supporters that his Christian names were *Charles Stuart.* The due proclamation of this discovery is said to have largely contributed to place the adventurous stranger at the top of the poll.

two farms as security for money advanced for the Jacobite enterprises; when the estates were to be exposed for sale at Edinburgh, after the attainder, he repaired to that city, and protested. The proceedings were then stopped, but a party of soldiers were forthwith dispatched to Balmacollie to search the premises for documents which might involve its occupant in the consequences of the Rebellion. No papers were found, but the family were ejected and ruined. In 1834 William, sixth Lord Nairne, visited the ruins of the old family mansion. He spoke mournfully of the reverses of his House."

On the death of this peer, the son of our Poetess, his title devolved on Margaret, Baroness Keith, as lineal descendant of Robert, second son of the second baron. By the death of this lady, without male issue, the peerage of Nairne has, through the marriage of her eldest daughter, merged in the Marquisate of Lansdowne.

MEMOIR

OF

CAROLINE OLIPHANT

THE YOUNGER.

CAROLINE OLIPHANT, born at Gask, on the 16th January, 1807, was the youngest of eight children born to Laurence Oliphant, brother of Lady Nairne. When not a year old, she was removed with the rest of the family to Durham, in which neighbourhood they remained upwards of eight years. At Durham a frequent visitor was Dr. Robertson, her mother's father, who had been in the Dutch service, and who could well remember welcoming to Holland his kinsmen the fugitives of Culloden; he lived to hear of Waterloo. In 1816, Caroline, with the rest of the family, went to Marseilles, and afterwards to Hyères. At the latter place she made acquaintance with Lord St. Vincent, then nearly ninety, who gave her his autograph. In 1819, the family went to Italy, and spent a gay winter at Florence and Rome. Next year they sailed to London in a yacht, under the care of Sir James Clark; one of

her sisters being in very feeble health. Indeed, within eleven years from 1819 Caroline lost her father, mother, eldest brother, and three of her sisters. In 1821, the family returned to Gask, after an absence of fourteen years. This, like Dr. Johnson's College, seems to have been a nest of singing birds. Caroline began a poem at the age of thirteen; her education is described as having been desultory. Prayers, according to the Episcopal rite, used to be read on Sunday by that Mr. Cruikshank who had incurred the wrath of her grandfather for his acknowledgment of the House of Hanover. In 1822 the family once more set out for Hyères, taking so far on his way to Rome Mr. Laurence Macdonald, the well-known sculptor, who was born on the Gask estate, and whose rising talents had not escaped the eye of Caroline's mother. Long afterwards, he sent one of his best works as a present to the Laird of Gask.

This winter was spent by the family at Carquer-anne, near Hyères; they took the keenest interest in the works of Byron and Scott, which were rapidly pouring from the press. An inmate of the house at this time gave his opinion of Caroline's character—"It will be hard for her to make a friend; she would be loved if she were well known; but she will repel affection before she can secure it." In 1823 the family returned to Gask, and Caroline began to study Greek. In 1824, Dr. Chalmers was their guest; on being asked what proportion of income should be given in charity, he said, "As to this point of casuistry, the best way to solve it is to

have a glow of love for God, which will make us cheerful givers. We must not give to God as it were with a measure. If we set apart one portion for Him, we are very apt to surround the remainder with a mound of selfishness."

In 1826, the Oliphants proceeded to Clifton, Gloucestershire. Caroline's friends about this time pronounce her only faults to be a love of novels and a want of perseverance. One of them writes to her: "Visit the poor, and you will come to realities instead of revelling in imagination; you must chain this passion if you cannot kill it." She accordingly studied Dugald Stewart.

In 1827, she composed her verses on "Recovering from Sickness," having been very ill throughout the winter. In 1828, the family kindly quitted their residence at Clifton to make way for Mrs. Hannah More, who had been "driven from her own Paradise, but not by angels." Caroline, who at this time was in Ireland, writes of the probable swarm of pilgrims making their way to the literary shrine now set up in the old house. She thus describes a meeting at Gorey:—"It was whispered that X. was to speak. What possessed any one so cruelly to delude the public, I know not. I could descry nobody but the rector in the chair, and the curate supporting the rector. I was seized with a fit of laughter at a meeting composed of such slender materials; it brought to my mind the rather inelegant comparison of Falstaff to his page, 'I seem to myself like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her

litter save one.' But unluckily the litter was increased by the production of a Dr. Z.; every sentence in his oration was delivered three times over for the sake of perspicuity and clearness. Of one gentleman, he said, 'He was a talented man, a man of parts, I might almost be justified in saying he was a clever man.'! *Ainsi de suite.* Two hours of precious time were wasted in hearing this man's discourse; and at the end every one was more in the dark than when he began; though some one had the assurance to mention it as a luminous statement; the principal characteristic syllable was omitted." The ladies are not such unreasoning slaves of the clergy as is believed.

In 1828, Caroline paid her last visit to Gask, and thence returned to Clifton. She was a great admirer of Robert Hall, and it was proposed to publish some of his sermons from her shorthand notes. One of her most favourite books was Keble's "Christian Year." Her miniature was painted about this time by Chalon, disclosing a face beaming with mirth and intellect. In 1830, she betook herself to the study of Hebrew, and wrote many verses. A friend remarks, "I envy Caroline her talent, which shines in all she says or does; and still more the heavenly direction given to it. Never was the character of holiness and purity more legibly inscribed on any mortal." On the 26th of May, 1830, she witnessed the marriage of her sister Margaret to Mr. Kington. A month later she had to mourn the death of her sister Christian. Caroline

was taken to Leamington for the advice of Dr. Jephson. She returned in September to Clifton, where she was visited by Lady Nairne, who had just lost her husband. Caroline's weakness continued. She suffered from feverishness and restless nights, but bore all with patience. Her eldest sister, aided by a friend whose sorrows had been soothed by her verses, and a faithful maid from Gask, ministered to her comforts. "It was," writes the last, "my happy privilege to nurse this precious one for nine months; and though myself a giddy girl of seventeen, I delighted to be a comfort to her in her days of weakness. I generally entered her apartment at six, to inquire how she had slept. Often her answer was, 'O Peggy, I have not been to sleep yet;' the words were always spoken with a smile. She never complained. As she took very little nourishment, Miss Oliphant expressed a hope that she might be able to eat less sparingly. She sweetly answered, 'Dear sister, the Lamb in the midst of the throne feeds me.' She said on one occasion, 'My mind is so wandering, that I cannot put two ideas together, but I can look up to God as a reconciled Father.' 'You seem better,' said an attendant to her one morning. 'O Jenny,' was the reply, 'I never wish to get better; to depart and be with Christ, is far better, and there are many gone before.' She referred to the members of the family who had been called to an early rest. The day before her death I was supporting her while her bed was being smoothed; she said,

'This night of affliction is but for a moment.' She was always ready with a leaf from the Tree of Life. Often have I gone into her room and found her so deep in meditation, leaning on the open Bible, that she was unconscious of my presence. Miss Caroline was one of the excellent of the earth. With her, religion was no gloomy uncertainty; her life was a living epistle."

Caroline Oliphant died on the 9th of February, 1831, at the age of twenty-four. She was buried beside her mother in Clifton churchyard. Eleven years after her death, a friend who knew her intimately wrote concerning her in these terms:—

"Some characters never can have any real likenesses Nature sometimes breaks her cast, that the model may never be repeated. It was Caroline's character that was such a singular combination, so many contradictory qualities all so beautifully balanced, and under the guidance of such highly wrought principles and tastes. Even the desultory education, that we might have thought a disadvantage, helped to make her the charming friend and companion that she was. There was a proud independence in her, counteracted by religion."

A carefully written MS. volume contains the poetry of Caroline Oliphant. The Editor has selected from it those compositions which best illustrate the peculiar genius and amiable qualities of the writer.

SONGS

OF

LADY NAIRNE.

SONGS OF LADY NAIRNE.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.[1]

Air—"Hey tutti taiti."

I'M wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudg'd her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
  To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
  To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
  To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
  In the land o' the leal.

Facsimile of the Original MSS. of Lady Nairnes'
"Land o' The Leal" and "Caller Herrin."

Now fare ye weel my ain John
Offin warld's cares are vain John
We'll meet & we'll be fain
In the land o' the leal

Whaw'll buy my caller herring
Bonny fish & dainty faring
Whaw'll buy my caller herring
New drawn frae the forth

CALLER HERRIN'.[2]

Air by Neil Gow.

WHA'LL buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they fac'd the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?

Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave daring;
Buy my caller herrin',
Haul'd thro' wind and rain.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairing,
Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singing.'

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin:'
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in ye're dealin'—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.[3]

Air—"Loch Erroch Side."

'TWAS on a summer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed doun,
A lassie wi' a braw new goun
Came owre the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud wash'd in summer's shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
An' oh! the scene was passing fair;
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
The sun was setting on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into grey,
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had woo'd,
An' truth and constancy had vow'd,
But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed,
Until she saw fair Gowrie.

I pointed to my faither's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw,
  Wad she no bide in Gowrie.

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
Her mither she wad naething say;
The bairnies thocht they wad get play,
  If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
The blush and tear were on her cheek—
She naething said, an' hung her head;
  But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.[4]

Air—"When she cam' ben, she bobbit."

THE laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;
He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she'd look well,
McClish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine.
"An' what brings the laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben he bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the laird when the lady said "Na,"
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa.'

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh, for ane I'll get better, its waur I'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

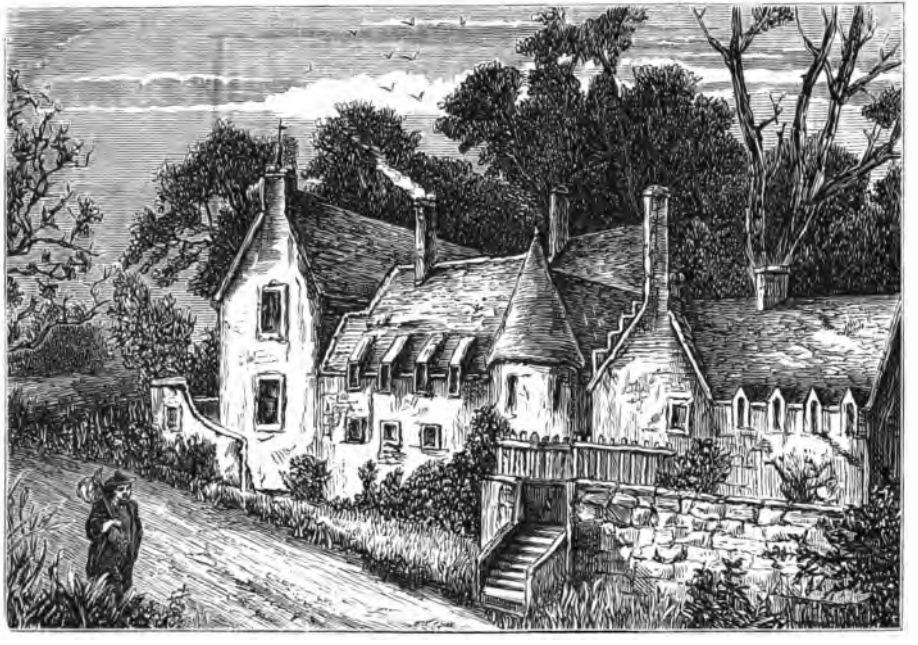
HER HOME SHE IS LEAVING.[5]

Air—"Mordelia."

TO the hills of her youth, cloth'd in all their rich wildness,
Farewell she is bidding, in all her sweet mildness,
And still, as the moment of parting is nearer,
Each long-cherish'd object is fairer and dearer.
Not a grove or fresh streamlet but wakens reflection
Of hearts still and cold, that glow'd with affection;
Not a breeze that blows over the flow'rs of the wild-wood,
But tells, as it passes, how blest was her childhood.

And how long must I leave thee, each fond look expresses,
Ye high rocky summits, ye ivy'd recesses,
How long must I leave thee, thou wood-shaded river,
The echoes all sigh—as they whisper—for ever!
Tho' the autumn winds rave, and the seared leaves fall,
And winter hangs out her cold icy pall—
Yet the footsteps of spring again ye will see,
And the singing of birds—but they sing not for me.

The joys of the past, more faintly recalling,
Sweet visions of peace on her spirit are falling,
And the soft wing of time, as it speeds for the morrow,
Wafts a gale, that is drying the dew drops of sorrow.
Hope dawns—and the toils of life's journey beguiling,
The path of the mourner is cheered with its smiling,
And there her heart rests, and her wishes all centre,
Where parting is never—nor sorrow can enter!



THE AULD HOUSE O' GASK, PERTHSHIRE.

THE AULD HOUSE.[6]

OH, the auld house, the auld house,
What tho' the rooms were wee?
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa',
How mony cherish'd memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'.

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind and crouse,
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house;
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The blue bells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,
Deserted tho' ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree
The bairnies liked to see,
And oh, how aften did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be?
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scatter'd now,
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane alas! to her lang hame;
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird!
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Shelter'd by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
How glorious it gaed doon;
The cloudy splendour raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon!
The auld dial, the auld dial!
It tauld how time did pass;
The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

ADIEU TO STRATHEARN.

Air—"Miss Carmichael."

STRATHEARN, oh! how shall I quit thy sweet groves?
How bid thee a long, oh! an endless adieu?
Sad memory over such happiness roves,
As not hope's own magic can ever renew.

Sweet scene of my childhood, delight of my youth!
Thy far-winding waters no more I must see;
Thy high-waving bowers, thy gay woodland flowers,
They wave now, they bloom now, no longer for me.

THE BANKS OF THE EARN.[7]

FAIR shone the rising sky,
The dew drops clad wi' mony a dye,
Larks lilting pibrochs high,
To welcome day's returning.
The spreading hills, the shading trees,
High waving in the morning breeze;
The wee Scots' rose that sweetly blows,
Earn's vale adorning.

Flow on sweet Earn, row on sweet Earn,
Joy to a' thy bonny braes,
Spring's sweet buds aye first do blow
Where thy winding waters flow.
Thro' thy banks, which wild flowers border,
Freely wind, and proudly flow,
Where Wallace wight fought for the right,
And gallant Grahams are lying low.

O Scotland! nurse o' mony a name
Rever'd for worth, renown'd in fame;
Let never foes tell to thy shame,
Gane is thine ancient loyalty.
But still the true-born warlike band
That guards thy high unconquer'd land,
As did their sires, join hand in hand,
To fight for law and royalty.

Oh, ne'er for greed o' worldly gear,
Let thy brave sons, like fugies, hide
Where lawless stills pollute the rills
That o'er thy hills and valleys glide.
While in the field they scorn to yield,
And while their native soil is dear,
Oh, may their truth be as its rocks,
And conscience, as its waters clear!

BONNIE RAN THE BURNIE DOON.

Air—"Cawdor Fair."

BONNIE ran the burnie doon,
Wand'rin' and windin';
Sweetly sang the birds aboon,
Care never mindin'.

The gentle simmer wind
Was their nursie saft and kind,
And it rockit them, and rockit them,
All in their bowers sae hie.
Bonnie ran, &c.

The mossy rock was there,
And the water-lily fair,
And the little trout would sport about
All in the sunny beam.
Bonnie ran, &c.

Tho' summer days be lang,
And sweet the birdies' sang,
The wintry night and chilling blight
Keep aye their eerie roun'.
Bonnie ran, &c.

And then the burnie's like a sea,
  Roarin' and reamin';
Nae wee bit sangster's on the tree,
  But wild birdies screamin'.
Oh that the past I might forget
  Wand'rin' and weepin',
Oh that aneath the hillock green
  Sound I were sleepin'.

    Bonnie ran the burnie doon,
      Wand'rin' and windin';
    Sweetly sang the birds aboon,
      Care never mindin'.

THE HEIRESS.

Gaelic Air—Mo Leannan Faluich.

I'LL no be had for naething,
I'll no be had for naething,
I tell ye, lads, that's ae thing,
So ye needna follow me.

Oh! the change is most surprising;
Last year I was Betsy Brown;
Now to my hand they're a' aspiring,
The fair Eliza I am grown!
But I'll no, &c.

Oh! the change is most surprising,
Nane o' them e'er look'd at me;
Now my charms they're a' admiring,
For my sake they're like to dee!
But I'll no, &c.

The laird, the shirra, and the doctor,
And twa-three lords o' high degree;
Wi' heaps o' writers, I could mention,
Surely, sirs, it is no me!
But I'll no, &c.

But there is ane, when I had naething,
  A' his heart he gied to me;
And sair he toiled, to mak a wee thing,
  To gie me when he cam frae sea.
    Sae I'll no, &c.

And if e'er I marry ony,
  He will be the lad for me;
For oh, he was baith gude and bonny,
  And he thocht the same o' me.
    Sae I'll no be had for naething,
      I'll no be had for naething,
    I tell ye, lads, that's ae thing,
      So ye needna follow me.

THE MITHERLESS LAMMIE.

THE mitherless lammie ne'er miss'd its ain mammie,
We tentit it kindly by nicht and by day;
The bairnies made game o't, it had a blythe hame o't,
Its food was the gowan, wi' dew drops o' May.
Without tie or fetter, it cou'dna been better,
But it wad gae witless the warld to see,
The foe that it fear'd not, it saw not, it heard not,
Was watching its wand'ring frae Bonnington Lea.

Oh what then befell it, 'twere waefu' to tell it,
Tod Lowrie kens best, wi' his lang head sae sly;
He met the pet lammie, that wanted its mammie,
And left its kind hame, the wide warld to try.
We miss'd at day dawin', we miss'd at night fa'in';
Its wee shed is tenantless under the tree;
Ae nicht i' the gloamin', it wad gae a roamin';
'Twill frolic nae mair upon Bonnington Lea.

SONGS OF MY NATIVE LAND.

Air—"Happy Land."

SONGS of my native land,
To me how dear!
Songs of my infancy
Sweet to mine ear!
Entwined with my youthful days,
Wi' the bonny banks and braes,
Where the winding burnie strays
Murmuring near.

Strains of my native land
That thrill the soul,
Pouring the magic of
Your soft control!
Often has your minstrelsy
Soothed the pang of misery,
Winging rapid thought away
To realms on high.

Weary pilgrims *there* have rest,
Their wand'rings o'er;
There the slave, no more oppressed,
Hails Freedom's shore.
Sin shall there no more deface,
Sickness, pain and sorrow cease,
Ending in eternal peace,
And songs of joy!

There, where the seraphs sing
  In cloudless day,—
There, where the higher praise
  The ransom'd pay.
Soft strains of the happy land,
Chanted by the heavenly band,
Who can fully understand
  How sweet ye be!

THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARLD.

THE bonniest lass in a' the warld,
I've often heard them telling,
She's up the hill, she's down the glen,
She's in yon lonely dwelling.
But nane could bring her to my mind,
Wha lives but in the fancy,
Is't Kate or Shusie, Jean or May?
Is't Effie, Bess, or Nancy?

Now lasses a' keep a gude heart,
Nor envy e'er a comrade,
For be ye're een black, blue, or grey,
Ye're bonniest aye to some lad.
The tender heart, the cheering smile,
The *truth* that ne'er will falter,
Are charms that never can beguile,
And time can never alter.

HE'S LIFELESS AMANG THE RUDE BILLOWS.

Air—"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

HE'S lifeless amang the rude billows,
My tears and my sighs are in vain;
The heart that beat warm for his Jeanie,
Will ne'er beat for mortal again!
My lane now I am i' the warld,
And the daylight is grievous to me;
The laddie that lo'ed me sae dearly,
Lies cauld in the deeps o' the sea!

Ye tempests sae boist'rously raging,
Rage on as ye list—or be still—
This heart ye sae aften hae sicken'd,
Is nae mair the sport o' ye're will,
Now heartless, I hope not—I fear not—
High heaven hae pity on me!
My soul, tho' dismay'd and distracted,
Yet bends to thy awful decree!

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.[8]

Air—"Kind Robin lo'es me.

ROBIN is my ain gudeman,
Now match him, carlins, gin ye can,
For ilk ane whitest thinks her swan,
But kind Robin lo'es me.
To mak my boast, I'll e'en be bauld,
For Robin lo'ed me young and auld,
In simmer's heat, and winter's cauld,
My kind Robin lo'es me.

Robin he comes hame at e'en,
Wi' pleasure glancin' in his een;
He tells me a' he's heard and seen,
And syne how he lo'es me.
There's some ha'e land, and some ha'e gowd,
Mair wad hae them gin they cou'd,
But a' I wish o' warld's guid
Is Robin aye to lo'e me.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.[9]

Air—"The lea rig."

WILL ye gang owre the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O?
Will ye gang owre the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O?
Gin ye'll tak' heart, and gang wi' me,
Mishap will never steer ye, O;
Gude luck lies owre the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

There's walth owre yon green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O;
There's walth owre yon green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O;
It's neither land, nor gowd, nor braws,
Let them gang tapsle teerie, O;
It's walth o' peace, o' love, and truth,
My ain kind dearie, O.

THE AYRSHIRE LASSIE.

SOME brag o' this, some brag o' that,
Some brag o' what they never saw;
But I will brag o' what I've seen,
For Ayrshire it dings ye a'.
Gang ye by land, or by the sea,
Ye'll heaps o' bonny places see,
An' mair than weel can counted be,
For Ayrshire it dings them a'.

Oh, there is mony a bonnie bower
Frae Ardrossan to Arngower,
And mony mair than I can tell,
Where the Clyde's fair waters swell!
Gang ye by Irvine or by Troon,
Or by the bonnie banks o' Doon,
By Fairlie, Largs, or sweet Dunoon,
Oh! Ayrshire it dings them a'.

Amang Kelburn's woody braes
Mony wild flowers sweetly blaw,
An' there the windin' burnie strays,
Till owre the lin it tumblin' fa.'
Oh! when the settin sunbeams glance
O'er the waters' wide expanse—
Where Arran hills sae grandly rise,
An' hide their heads in Scotland's skies.

On Ayrshire laddie's manly brou,
How gracefu' is the bannet blue;
How weel our lasses set the plaid,
That is in Kilmarnock made!
Our weaver lads have lang been fam'd,
Our farmers they are a' weel kenn'd;
Their butter, cheese, and Ayrshire coo,
Ilk worthy ony ither two!

Our lairds are clever ane an' a',
(Tho' some may think their sense is sma',)
Our lords and leddies I'll just say,
Their like ye'll no see ilka day—
But there is *ane* in yon green shaw,
The sweetest flower amang them a',
An' after her a ship I'll ca',
'Twill be "The Ayrshire Lassie," O.

O, WEEL'S ME ON MY AIN MAN!

Air—"Landlady, count the lawin."

O, weel's me on my ain man!
My ain man, my ain man!
O, weel's me on my ain gudeman!
He'll aye be welcome hame.

I'm wae I blamed him yesternight,
For now my heart is feather light;
For gowd I wadna gie the sight,
I see him linkin' owre the height.

O, weel's me on my ain man!
My ain man, my ain man!
O, weel's me on my ain gudeman!
He'll aye be welcome hame.

Rin, Jeanie, bring the kebbuck ben,
An' fin' aneath the speckl'd hen;
Meg, rise and sweep aboot the fire,
Syne cry on Johnnie frae the byre.

For weel's me on my ain man!
My ain man, my ain man;
For weel's me on my ain gudeman!
I see him linkin' hame.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.[9]

Air—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
There's castocks in Stra'bogie,
And, morn and e'en, they're blythe and bein,
That haud them frae the cogie.
Now haud ye frae the cogie, lads,
O bide ye frae the cogie,
I'll tell ye true, ye'll never rue,
O passin' by the cogie.

Young Will was braw and weel put on,
Sae blythe was he and vogie,
And he got bonnie Mary Don,
The flower o' a' Stra'bogie.
Wha wad hae thought, at wooin' time,
He'd e'er forsaken Mary!
And ta'en him to the tipplin' trade,
Wi boozin' Rob and Harry?

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat,
She scarce could lift the ladle,
Wi' pithless feet, 'tween ilka greet,
She'd rock the borrow'd cradle.
Her weddin' plenishin' was gane,
She never thought to borrow;
Her bonnie face was waxin' wan,
And Will wrought a' the sorrow.

He's reelin' hame ae winter's night,
  Some later than the gloamin';
He's ta'en the rig, he's miss'd the brig,
  And Bogie's owre him foamin'.
Wi' broken banes, out owre the stanes
  He creepit up Stra'bogie,
And a' the nicht he prayed wi' micht,
  To keep him frae the cogie.

Now Mary's heart is light again,
  She's neither sick nor silly,
For auld or young nae sinfu' tongue
  Could e'er entice her Willie.
And aye the sang thro' Bogie rang,
  O haud ye frae the cogie;
The weary gill's the sairest ill
  On braes o' fair Stra'bogie.

CRADLE SONG.

BALOO loo, lammy, now baloo my dear;
Now, baloo loo, lammy, ain minnie is here:
What ails my sweet bairnie? What ails it this nicht?
What ails my wee lammy? is bairnie no richt?

Baloo loo, lammie, now baloo, my dear,
Does wee lammy ken that its daddie's no here?
Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,
But daddie's a-rockin' upon the saut sea.

Now hush-a-ba, lammy, now hush-a my dear;
Now hush-a-ba, lammy; ain minnie is here:
The wild wind is ravin', and mammie's heart's sair
The wild wind is ravin', and ye dinna care.

Sing, baloo loo, lammy, sing baloo, my dear;
Sing, baloo loo, lammy, ain minnie is here:
My wee bairnie's dozin', it's dozin' now fine,
And oh! may its wauk'nin' be blyther than mine.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

Air—"Lochiel's awa' to France."

THEIR nest was in the leafy bush,
Sae soft and warm, sae soft and warm,
And Robins thought their little brood
All safe from harm, all safe from harm.
The morning's feast wi' joy they brought,
To feed their young with tender care;
The plunder'd leafy bush they found—
But nest and nestlings saw nae mair!

The mother cou'dna leave the spot,
But wheeling round, and wheeling round,
The cruel spoiler aim'd a shot,
Cur'd her heart's wound, cur'd her heart's wound.
She will not hear their helpless cry,
Nor see them pine in slavery!
The burning breast she will not bide,
For wrongs of wanton knavery—

O! bonny Robin Redbreast,
Ye trust in men, ye trust in men,
But what their hearts are made o',
Ye little ken, ye little ken!
They'll ne'er wi' your wee skin be warmed,
Nor wi' your tiny flesh be fed,
But just 'cause you're a living thing,
It's sport wi' them to lay you dead!

Ye Hieland and ye Lowland lads,
  As birdies gay, as birdies gay,
O spare them whistling like yoursel's,
  And hopping blythe from spray to spray—
Their wings were made to soar aloft,
  And skim the air at liberty;
And as you freedom gi'e to them,
  May you and yours be ever free!

TRUE LOVE IS WATERED AYE WI' TEARS.

Air—"True Love is Watered aye wi' Tears."

TRUE love is water'd aye wi' tears,
It grows 'neath stormy skies,
It's fenced around wi' hopes and fears
An' fann'd wi' heartfelt sighs.
Wi' chains o' gowd 'twill no be bound,
Oh! wha the heart can buy?
The titled glare, the warldling's care—
Even absence 'twill defy.
Even absence 'twill defy.

And time, that kills a' ither things,
His withering touch 'twill brave,
'Twill live in joy, 'twill live in grief,
'Twill live beyond the grave!
'Twill live, 'twill live, though buried deep,
In true hearts' memorie—
Oh! we forgot that ane sae fair,
Sae bricht, sae young, could dee.
So young could dee.

Unfeeling hands may touch the chord
Where buried griefs do lie—
How many silent agonies
May that rude touch untie!

But oh! I love that plaintive lay—
  The dear auld melodie!
For, oh, 'tis sweet!—yet I maun greet,
  For it was sung by thee,
                Sung by thee!

They may forget wha lichtly love,
  Or feel but beauty's chain;
But they wha loved a heavenly mind
  Can never love again!
Oh! a' my dreams o' warld's gude
  Aye were intwined wi' thee,
But I leant on a broken reed
  Which soon was ta'en frae me,
                Ta'en frae me.

'Tis weel, 'tis weel, we dinna ken
  What we may live to see,
'Twas Mercy's hand that hung the veil
  O'er dark futurity!
Oh! ye whose hearts are scathed and riven,
  Wha feel the warld is vain,
Oh, fix your broken earthly ties
  Where they ne'er will break again,
                Break again!

THE ATTAINTED SCOTTISH NOBLES.

Air—"The Attainted Scottish Nobles."

OH, some will tune their mournfu' strains,
To tell of hame-made sorrow,
And if they cheat you o' your tears,
They'll dry afore the morrow.
Oh, some will sing their airy dreams,
In verity they're sportin',
My sang's o' nae sic thewless themes,
But wakin, true misfortune.

Ye Scottish nobles, ane and a',
For loyalty attainted,
A nameless bardie's wae to see
Your sorrows unlamented;
For if your fathers ne'er had fought
For heirs of ancient royalty,—
Ye're down the day that might hae been
At the top o' honour's tree a'.

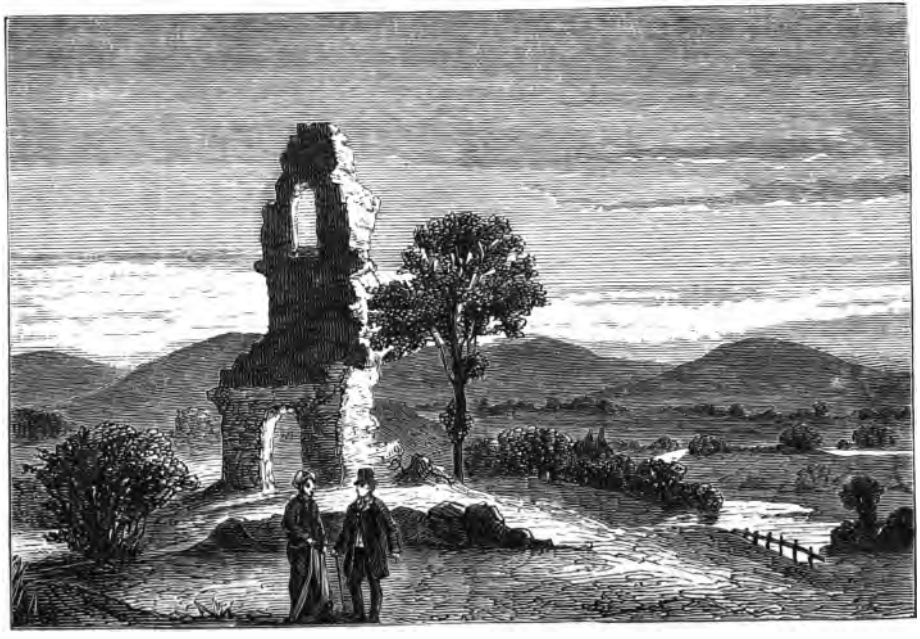
For old hereditary right,
For conscience' sake they stoutly stood;
And for the crown their valiant sons
Themselves have shed their injured blood;
And if their fathers ne'er had fought
For heirs of ancient royalty,
They're down the day that might ha' been
At the top o' honour's tree a'.

TO THEE, LOV'D DEE.

Air—"The Dee."

TO thee, lov'd Dee, I glad return,
To where thy winding waters glide,
Amang thy bonnie banks and braes,
Aye there the trout and salmon hide.
'Mang England's vales, 'mang Erin's green,
'Mang Cambria's hills sae wild and hie,
I've mony bonnie places seen,
But what are they to bonnie Dee?

I've seen the Tay, I've seen the Clyde,
And e'en the Rhine, I've travelled far,—
But what are they to sweet Dee side,
Balmoral fair, and Loch-na-gar!
At Banchory and Ballater,
That are fam'd for trout and tree,
There sweetly ye may pass the day,
Amang the bonny banks o' Dee.



RUIN OF GASCON HALL, PERTHSHIRE.

BONNY GASCON HA'[11]

Gaelic Air.

 ANE, on the winding Earn, there stands
An unco tow'r, sae stern an' auld,
Biggit, by lang forgotten hands,—
Ance refuge o' the Wallace bauld.

Time's restless finger sair hath waur'd,
And riv'd thy grey disjaskit wa';
But rougher hands than Time's ha'e daur'd
To wrang thee, bonny Gascon Ha';

O! may a muse unkent to fame,
For this dim gruesome relic sue:
'Tis linkit wi' a Patriot's name,
The truest Scotland ever knew.

Just leave in peace ilk mossy stane,
Tellin' o' nations' rivalry;
And for succeeding ages hain
Remains o' Scottish chivalry.

What tho' no monument to thee
Is biggit by thy country's hands,—
Engrav'd are thine immortal deeds
On ev'ry heart in this braid land.

Rude Time may monuments ding doun,
  An' tow'rs an' wa's maun a' decay;
Enduring—deathless—noble Chief,
  THY name can never pass away!

Gi'e pillar'd fame to common men,—
  Nae need o' cairns for ane like thee;
In ev'ry cave, wood, hill, and glen,
  WALLACE! remembered aye shall be.

CASTELL GLOOM.[12]

Air—"Castell Gloom."

OH, Castell Gloom! thy strength is gone,
The green grass o'er thee growin',
On hill of Care thou art alone,
The Sorrow round thee flowin'.
Oh Castell Gloom! on thy fair wa's
Nae banners now are streamin';
The houlit flits amang thy ha's,
And wild birds there are screamin'.

Oh! mourn the woe, oh mourn the crime,
Frae civil war that flows;
Oh! mourn, Argyle, thy fallen line,
And mourn the great Montrose.

Here ladies bright were aften seen,
Here valiant warriors trod;
And here great Knox has aften been,
Who feared nought but his God.
But a' are gane! the gude, the great,
And naething now remains,
But ruin sitting on thy wa's,
And crumblin' down the stanes!

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

The lofty Ochils bright did glow,
  Tho' sleepin' was the sun:
But mornin's light did sadly show
  What ragin' flames had done!
Oh! mirk, mirk, was the misty cloud,
  That hung o'er thy wild wood;
Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,
  And all was solitude.

Oh! mourn the woe, oh mourn the crime,
  Frae civil war that flows;
Oh! mourn, Argyle, thy fallen line,
  And mourn the great Montrose.

HEY THE RANTIN' MURRAY'S HA'[13]

Air—"Hey the Rantin' Murray's Ha'."

HEY the rantin' Murray's ha'!
Mirth and glee amang them a'!
The courtly laird, the leddy braw,
They'll welcome ye to Murray's ha'.
Come ye hungry, come ye dry,
Nane had never need to wait;
Come ye brisk, or come ye shy,
They'll meet ye or ye're at the yett.

Some were feasting in the ha',
Some at sports upon the green;
Peggy, flower amang them a',
Dancing like a Fairy Queen.
Blythest o' my blythesome days
I ha'e spent at Murray's ha',
But oh, my heart was like to break
When I saw Peggy gang awa.

Whaur she gaed or why gaed she,
Few were there that weel could tell;
I thought it was to lightlie me—
She maybe—scarcely kenn'd hersel'.
They said a ghaist was in the wa',
Sometimes aneath, sometimes aboon;
A' body heard—nae body saw,
But a' were sure, they'd see it soon.

Some say the General, honest man,
  That fear'd na bullets, great or sma',
Wad rather fac'd the MONS MEG gun
  Than meet the ghaist o' Murray's ha'.
'Tis no the gate I think ava,
  To lay a ghaist wi' mirth and glee;
Scholar'd lads, and lassies braw,
  Need nae ghaist nor goblin dree.

O STATELY STOOD THE BARON'S HA'.[14]

Air—"Widow, are ye waukin'."

O STATELY stood the Baron's ha',
His lady fair as ony;
Her gracefu' mien was like a queen,
Her smile it dimpled bonnie.
The heir of a' the Baron's wealth,
A manly bairn was he,
O, and aye he'd rin, and play his lane,
Aneath the greenwood tree, O.

But wae, wae was that heavy maen,
Gaed thro' that castle ha', O,
When gloamin' cam', ae simmer's e'en,
Young Ronald was awa', O.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
Baith north and south they sought him,—
And noble was the offered boon
To them that wad ha'e brought him.

The lady pined, her cheek grew wan,
The wound was past a' curin',
The bowers whaur first she fostered him—
Were past her heart's endurin'.
Her lovin' lord, wi' tender care,
Took her to wander far, O,
And the only thought e'er dried her e'e,
Flew aboon the mornin' star, O.

Her feckless frame could little bide,
  Slow turned the tardy wheels, O,—
They saw a nut-brown bonny boy,
  Fast rinnin' at their heels, O.
"Stay, faither, mither, stay for me!
  I'll never, never leave ye!
It was na me that gaed awa,—
  'Twas the gipsies took me frae ye."

Now, tell wha may, their joy that day,
  Wha ne'er thought joy to meet, O,
Fresh roses budded on her cheek,
  And her smile it dimpled sweet, O.
Frae greenwood bowers and stately towers,
  Nae mair they wandered far, O,
And their gratefu' lays, o' love and praise,
  Flew aboon the mornin' star, O!

THE COUNTY MEETING.

Air—"The County Meeting."

YE'RE welcome, leddies, ane and a'
Ye're welcome to our County Ha';
Sae weel ye look, when buskit braw,
To grace our County Meeting!
An', gentlemen, ye're welcome, too,
In waistcoats white and tartan too,
Gae seek a partner, mak' yere bow,
Syne dance our County Meeting.

Ah, weel dune now, there's auld Sir John,
Wha aye maun lead the dancin' on,
An' Leddy Bet, wi' her turban prim,
An' wee bit velvet 'neath her chin.
See how they nimbly, nimbly, go!
While youngsters follow in a row,
Wi' mony a Belle, an' mony a Beau,
To dance our County Meeting.

There's the Major, and his sister too,
He in the bottle-green, she in the blue;
(Some years sin' syne that gown was new,
At our County Meeting.)
They are a worthy, canty pair,
An' unco proud o' their nephew Blair;
O' sense, or siller, he's nae great share,
Tho' he's the King o' the Meeting.

An' there's our Member, and Provost Whig,
Our Doctor in his yellow wig,
Wi' his fat wife, wha takes a jig
  Aye at our County meeting.
Miss Betty, too, I see her there,
Wi' her sonsy face, and bricht red hair,
Dancin' till she can dance nae mair
  At our County Meeting.

There's beauty Bell, wha a' surpasses,
An' heaps o' bonnie, country lasses;
Wi' the heiress o' the Gowden Lee,
  Fo'k say she's unco dorty—
Lord Bawbee, aye, he's lookin' there,
An' sae is the Major, and Major's heir,
Wi' the Laird, the Shirra, and mony mair,
  I could reckon them to forty.

See Major O'Neill has got her hand,
An' in the dance they've ta'en their stand;
(Impudence comes frae Paddy's land,
  Say the lads o' our County Meeting.)
But ne'er ye fash! gang thro' the reel,—
The Country-dance, ye dance sae weel,—
An' ne'er let Waltz or dull Quadrille,
  Spoil our County Meeting.

Afore we end, strike up the spring
O' Thulichan and Hieland-fling,
The Hay-makers, and Bumpkin fine!
  At our County Meeting.

Gow draws his bow, folk haste away,
While some are glad and some are wae;
A' blythe to meet some ither day,
At our County Meeting.

TAMMY.

I WISH I ken'd my Maggie's mind,
If she's for me or Tammy;
To me she is but passing kind,
She's caulder still to Tammy.
And yet she lo'es me no that ill,
If I believe her granny;
O sure she must be wond'rous nice
If she'll no hae me or Tammy.

I've spier'd her ance, I've spier'd her twice,
And still she says she canna;
I'll try her again, and that maks thrice,
And thrice, they say, is canny.
Wi' him she'll hae a chaise and pair,
Wi' me she'll hae shanks-naggie;
He's auld and black, I'm young and fair,
She'll surely ne'er tak Tammy.

But if she's a fule, and lightlies me,
I'se e'en draw up wi' Nancy;
There's as gude fish into the sea
As e'er cam out, I fancy.
And though I say't that shou'dna say't,
I'm owre gude a match for Maggie;
Sae mak up your mind without delay,
Are ye for me, or Tammy?

THE PLEUGHMAN.[15]

THERE'S high and low, there's rich and poor,
There's trades and crafts eneuch, man;
But east and west his trade's the best,
That kens to guide the pleugh, man.

Then, come, weel speed my pleughman lad,
And hey my merry pelughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the pleughman.

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
His cares are light and few, man;
His mother's blessing's on his head,
That tents her weel, the pleughman.
Then, come, weel speed, &c.

The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet
The morning fresh and new, man;
Blythe tho' she be, as blythe is he
That sings as sweet, the pleughman.
Then, come, weel speed, &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day,
Their labours they renew, man;
Heaven bless the seed and bless the soil,
And heaven bless the pleughman.
Then, come, weel speed, &c.

THE ROWAN TREE.

OH! Rowan Tree, Oh! Rowan Tree, thou'lt aye be dear to me,
Intwin'd thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy.
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the simmer's pride;
There was nae sic a bonny tree, in a' the countrie side.
Oh! Rowan tree.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright;
On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart—forgot they ne'er can be!
Oh! Rowan tree.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and necklaces they strang;

My mother! oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, an' Jamie at her knee!
Oh! Rowan tree.

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan tree;
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy,
Oh! Rowan tree.

JOY OF MY EARLIEST DAYS.

Air—" One day I heard Mary sing."

JOY of my earliest days,
Why must I grieve thee?
Theme of my fondest lays,
Mary, I maun leave thee!
Leave thee, love, leave thee, love,
How shall I leave thee?
Now absence thy truth will prove,
For oh! I maun leave thee!

Think aft on the time that's gane,
When twa happy bairnies,
We played at penny stane
Amang the green fairnies.
Cauld an' hot, ear' an' late,
There we forgather'd;
Where yows wander'd on the knowes,
And Hawkie was tether'd.

When on yon mossy stane,
Wild weeds o'er growin',
Ye sit at e'en your waefu' lane,
And hear the burnie rowin';
Oh! think on this partin' hour,
Down by the Garry,
And to Him that has the pow'r
Commend me, my Mary!

LAY BYE YERE BAWBEE.[16]

LAY bye yere bawbee, my Jenny,
Lay bye your bawbee, my dear
Do as yere mither aye did,
She tuik guid care o' her gear.

The way young kimmers are drest,
Wise folk are sorry to see;
Their winnin's are a' on their back,
And that's no the thing that sud be.

Work when ye're weel and ye're able,
Be honest and savin' ye're tauld;
'Twill help when trouble comes on,
And mak' ye respectit when auld.

Lasses and lads, tak' advice,
An' dinna ye gang for to woo,
Until ye hae gather'd the siller,
An' the weel plenish'd kist it is fu.'

Luik to Archie and Peggy,
They married on naething ava;
And noo she's beggin' and greetin',
An' Archie, he's listed awa'.

THE TWA DOOS.

THERE were twa doos sat in a dookit;
Twa wise-like birds, and round they luiket;
An' says the ane unto the ither,
What do ye see, my gude brither?

I see some pickles o' gude strae,
An' wheat, some fule has thrown away;
For a rainy day they should be boukit,
Sae down they flew frae aff their dookit.

The snaw will come an' cour the grund,
Nae grains o' wheat will then be fund;
They pickt a' up, an' a' were boukit,
Then round an' round, again they luiket.

O lang he thocht, an' lang he luiket,
An' aye his wise-like head, he shook it;
I see, I see, what ne'er should be,
I see what's seen by mair than me.

Wae's me, there's thochtless, lang Tam Grey,
Aye spending what he's no to pay;
In wedlock, to a taupie, hookit,
He's taen a doo, but has nae dookit.

When we were young it was na sae;
Nae rummulgumshion folk now hae;
What gude for them can e'er be luiket,
When folk tak doos that hae nae dookit.

SAW YE NE'ER A LANELY LASSIE?

Air—"Will ye go and marry Katie?"

SAW ye ne'er a lanely lassie,
Thinkin' gin she were a wife,
The sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down,
But warm and cheer her a' her life?
Saw ye ne'er a wearie wifie,
Thinkin' gin' she were a lass,
She wad aye be blythe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass?

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think na on each ither's state;
Ilka ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings,
Peevish dinna pass them bye,
But like choicest berries seek them,
Tho' amang the thorns they lie.

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.[17]

Air—"Comin' thro the Rye."

I'VE made a vow, I'll keep it true,
I'll never married be;
For the only ane that I think on
Will never think o' me.

Now gane to a far distant shore,
Their face nae mair I'll see;
But often will I think o' them,
That winna think o' me.

Gae owre, gae owre noo, gude Sir John,
Oh, dinna follow me;
For the only ane I ere thocht on,
Lies buried in the sea.

KITTY REID'S HOUSE.[18]

Air—"Country Bumpkin."

HECH! hey! the mirth that was there,
The mirth that was there,
The mirth that was there;
Hech! how! the mirth that was there,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
There was laughin' and singin', and dancin' and glee,
In Kitty Reid's house, in Kitty Reid's house,
There was laughin' and singin', an' dancin' and glee,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the fright that was there,
The fright that was there,
The fright that was there,
Hech! how! the fright that was there,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The light glimmer'd in thro' a crack i' the wa',
An' a' body thocht the lift it would fa',
An' lads and lasses they soon ran awa
Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dule that was there,
The dule that was there,
The dule that was there,
The birds an' beasts it wauken'd them a'
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',
The piper, the fiddler, auld Kitty, an' a',
The kye fell a routin', the cocks they did craw,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

WHEN FIRST I GOT MARRIED.[19]

Tune—"Sandy owre the Lea."

WHEN first that I got married,
A happy man to be;
My wife turn'd out a very cross,
We never could agree;
And what I thought my greatest bliss,
Was grief without compare;
For all that I can say or do,
She's mine for evermair.

And she's aye plaguing me,
She's aye plaguing me,
And she's aye plaguing me,
She winna let me be.

For the first week or something mair,
A bonny thing she was;
But ere the second Sunday came,
She made me cry alas!
Alas! alas! I often cry,
It's needless here to tell;
For what's the cause of all my grief,
Fu' weel she kens hersel'.

For she's aye plaguing me, &c.

I daurna ca' the house my ain,
  Or ony thing that's in't,
For if I chance to speak a word,
  She flies like fire from flint;
An' when her barley ends are on,
  Which often is the case,
The very first thing that she gets,
  She dashes in my face.
    And she's aye dashing me, &c.

When I am for merriment,
  She dowie is an' sad;
And when I am for soberness,
  She gangs distracted mad.
When I am in a speaking mood,
  She silent sits and dumb;
And when I wish for silence,
  She rattles like a drum.
    For she's aye drummin' me, &c.

Oh, marriage is a paradise,
  As I have heard folk tell,
But it's been to me, from first to last,
  A purgatory fell;
Yet I hae ae comfort left,
  Ae comfort, an' nae mair,
The pains o' death will break my bonds,
  And bury a' my care.
    And she'll sune bury me,
      She'll sune bury me,
    She'll sune bury me,
      An' then she'll let me be.

WE'RE A' SINGIN'.

Air—"Nid noddin'."

WE'RE a' singin', blythely singin',
We're a' singin', at our house at hame;
O! we're a' singin', blythely singin',
We're a' singin', at our house at hame.

The leddies a' are singin', baith the auld and young,
And the laird tak's a lesson alang wi' his son;
The lawyers an' doctors are singin' wi' their fees;
And precentors are learnin', believe it if you please.

The gudeman gie's the air, tho' aft put out is he,
Wi' folks singin' low, an' ithers singin hie—
Nae skill ava has he in our new-fangled ways;
But wha's owre auld to learn? is aye what he says.
So we're a' singin,' &c.

Our Jeanie sings the treble,—and she sings bonnilie;
An' Jamie tak's the bass, for a bass voice has he;
Baith our mither an' our auntie sing like the lave,
Wi' the bairnies on their knee, to see they weel behave.
So we're a' singin, &c.

The pussie likes to purr, and the doggies like to bark,
An' the birdies a' sing, frae the corbie to the lark;
Tunefu' is their melody, nae roarin' wi' their voice,
O mind ye, my freens, that music is not noise.
So we're a singin', &c.

Oh! dear are our mountains, our banks, and our braes,
An' dear are our Scottish sangs, aboon a' ither lays;
But nae mair we'll sing in praise o' barley bree,
For that is Scotia's skaith, we're a' come to see.
So we're a' singin', &c.

On cauld winter nichts, around our ain fire,
Wi' our knittin' an' our singin' we hae nae time to tire;
On Saturday e'en there's a hantle aye to do,
But, wi' willing hearts an' hands, the job is soon got thro'.

When the mendin', an' washin', and a' the wark is done,
Then slowly, an' solemnly, the psalmody's begun;
In sweet simmer time, aneath the ancient tree,
The blackbird an' mavis join our harmonie!
Then we're a' singin', thankfully singin',
Thankful and joyful, at our house at hame;
Oh! we're a' singin', blythely singin',
We're a' singin', at our house at hame.

WE'RE A' NODDIN'.[19]

WE'RE a' noddin', nid nid noddin',
O we're a' noddin' at our house at hame;
How's a' wi' ye, kimmer, and how do ye thrive?
And how many bairns hae ye now? Bairns I hae five.
An' are they a' at hame wi' ye? Oh, na, na;
For twa o' them's a hirdin' aye sin' Jamie gaed awa.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Granny nods i' the neuk, and fends as she may,
And brags that we'll ne'er be what she's been in her day,
Vow! but she was bonnie, and vow! but she was braw;
And she had routh o' wooers ance, I'se warrant, great and sma'.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Weary fa' Kate, that she binna nod too;
She sits in a corner suppin' a' the broo;
And when the bit bairnies wad e'en hae their share,
She gies them the ladle, but ne'er a drap's there,
For she's aye suppin'.

Now fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive,
They say the French are rinnin' for't, and we'll
hae peace belyve;
The bear's i' the breer, and the hay's i' the stack,
And a' will be right wi's, Jamie were cum back.

For we're a' noddin', nid nid noddin',
And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.[20]

A Fragment.

WHEN bonny daisies spread the sward,
An broom bloom'd fair to see;
Blythe Davie, wi' a heart sae light,
An' she, a maiden free,
Cries, "Down the bonny burn side,
And I will follow thee."

When gracefu' birks hang drooping o'er
The deep pool's waveless side;
And shaded frae the simmer sun,
The wandrin' salmon hide.
where the little trouties play,
An' shine sae bonnilie,
"Gang down the burn," cries Davie blythe,
"And I will follow thee."

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

O SAY, is there ane wha does na' rejoice,
To hear the first note o' the wee birdie's voice;
When in the grey mornin' o' cauld early spring,
The snaw-draps appear, an' the wee birdies sing,
The voice o' the spring, O how does it cheer!
The winter's awa, the simmer is near.

In your mantle o' green, we see thee, fair spring,
O'er our banks an' our braes, the wild flow'rs ye fling;
The crocus sae gay, in her rich gowden hue;
The sweet violets hid 'mang the moss an' the dew;
The bonnie white gowan, an' oh! the sweet brier
A' tell it is spring, an' simmer is near.

An' they, wha in sorrow or sickness do pine,
Feel blythe wi' the flowers an' sunshine o' spring;
Tho' aft, in dear Scotia, the cauld wind will blaw,
An' cow'r a' the blossoms wi' frost and wi' snaw,
Yet the cloud it will pass, the sky it will clear,
And the birdies will sing—the simmer is near.

BESS IS YOUNG, AND BESS IS FAIR.

Air—"Bess the Gawkie."

BESS is young, and Bess is fair,
Wi' light blue e'en, and yellow hair;
And few there be that can compare
Wi' Bess, tho' she's a Gawkie.
When first o' Bess I got a keek,
Wi' smiles and dimples on her cheek,
I lang'd to hear the lassie speak,
But, wae's me! what a Gawkie.

Bess should like a picture be,
Nailed to a wa' whar a' might see,
And mickle thought o' she wad be,
And no kent for a Gawkie.
Oh, steek your mouth, then, cousin dear,
And nae mair havers let us hear;
Oh, steek your mouth, and never fear,
Ye'se no be ca'd a Gawkie.

THE FIFE LAIRD.

Air—"The Fife Hunt."

YE should na' ca' the Laird daft, tho' daft like he may be;
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, he's just as wise as me;
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, his bannet has a *bee*,—
He's just a wee bit Fifish, like some Fife Lairds that be.
Last Lammas when the Laird set out, to see Auld Reekie's toun,
The Firth it had nae waves at a', the waves were sleepin' soun;
But wicked witches bide about gude auld St. Andrews toun,
And they steered up an unco' blast, our ain dear Laird to droun.

Afore he got to Inchkeith Isle, the waves were white an' hie—
"O weel I ken thae witches wud hae aye a spite at me!"

They drove him up, they drove him doon, the Fife touns a' they pass,
And up and round Queensferry toun, then doun unto the Bass.
The sailors row, but row in vain, Leith port they canna win—
Nae meat or beds they hae on board, but *there* they maun remain;
O mirk and cauld the midnight hour, how thankfu' did they see
The first blush o' the dawnin' day, fair spreadin' owre the sea.

Ye should na ca' the Laird daft, &c.

"Gae hame, gae hame," the Laird cried out, "as fast as ye can gang,
Oh! rather than wi' witches meet, I'd meet an *ournatang*,—
A' nicht and day I've been away, an' naething could I see,
But auld wives' cantrips on broomsticks, wild cap'ring owre the sea.
I hae na' had a mouth o' meat, nor yet had aff my claes—
Afore I gang to sea again, some *folk* maun mend their ways;"
The Laird is hame wi' a' his ain, below the Lomond hill,
Richt glad to see his sheep again, his doukit, and his mill!

Ye should na ca' the Laird daft, tho' daft like
he may be;
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, he's just as
wise as me;
Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft, he's bannet
has a *bee,*—
He's just a wee bit Fifish, like some Fife Lairds
that be.

JEANIE DEANS.[21]

ST. LEONARDS' hill was lightsome land
Where gowan'd grass was growin',
For man and beast were food and rest,
And milk and honey flowin'.
A father's blessing followed close,
Where'er her foot was treading,
And Jeanie's humble, harmless joys,
On every side were spreading wide,
On every side were spreading.

The mossy turf on Arthur seat,
St. Anthon's well aye springing,
The lammies playing at her feet,
The birdies round her singing.
The solemn haunts o' Holyrood,
Wi' bats and houlits eerie,
The tow'ring craigs o' Salisbury,
The lowly wells o' Weary,
O, the lowly wells o' Weary.

But evil days and evil men
Came owre their sunny dwelling,
Like thunder storms on sunny skies,
Or wastefu' waters swelling.

What ance was sweet is bitter now;
  The sun of joy is setting;
In eyes that wont to glance wi' glee,—
  The briny tear is wetting fast,
  The briny tear is wetting.

Her inmost thought to heaven is sent,
  In faithful supplication;
Her earthly stay's Macallummore,
  The guardian o' the nation.
A hero's heart—a sister's love—
  A martyr's truth unbending;
They're a' in Jeanie's tartan plaid,—
  And she is gane, her liefu' lane
  To Lunnon toun she's wending.

CAIRNEY BURN.

Air—"The Bag o' Gight."

OH Cairney burn, sweet Cairney burn,
Thou makest many a winding turn;
How sweet thy murmurings to hear,
Like plaintive music to mine ear;
Tho' things sair chang'd we mourn to see,
Yet, burnie, there's nae change in thee,
Still, still, thy waters clear rin on,
'Mang woody braes and mossy stone.

Oh, Cairney burn, sweet Cairney burn,
Half blythe, half wae, to thee I turn;
But where are they wha sat wi' me,
Sae pleased aneath thy shady tree?
Oh! where are they whase wee bit feet
Wad wade delighted thro' the weet?
Scrambling up 'mang thorns and beech,
The nits and brambles a' to reach.

Oh, Cairney burn, sweet Cairney burn,
May Mammon's hand ne'er come to turn
Thy waters clear to dingy dye,
Nor smoky clouds obscure thy sky!

Let no rude revelling intrude
To break this holy solitude;
Here may no still—no barley-bree—
Augment poor Scotia's misery.

Oh, Cairney burn, sweet Cairney burn,
Still, still to thee my heart doth turn;
Wider, deeper streams, I see,
But nane sae sweet, sae dear to me.
Here first we heard the Cuckoo sing,
With all the melody of spring;
Here her footsteps first were seen,
Strewing flowers upon the green.

O MOUNTAINS WILD.[22]

O MOUNTAINS wild, on thee I gaze,
Tho' clouds and storms upon thee lie;
For gleams o' sunshine break on thee,
Like the smile and tear in beauty's eye.
O mountains wild, when setting beams
Shoot frae yonder canopy,
How glowing is thy lofty brow,
Clad in the evening's golden sky.

Thro' heath'ry braes thy shepherds stray,
And tales of love and sorrow tell,
Of lady's bower and baron's ha',
The grey stane where the martyr fell.
Who has not felt this witching charm,
Entwin'd around each Scottish scene,
When wand'ring thro' her bonnie braes,
Or musing by her past'ral stream ?

O land of song and minstrel lay,
Cauld and dead the heart maun be,
That leaves thy wild, romantic shore,
And ne'er a tear-drap in his e'e.
O land beloved, yon whitening sail
Owre soon will shroud me from thy view;
My sighs will mingle wi' the gale
That wafts me frae thy mountains blue.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.[23]

Air—"The Brier Bush."

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard,
Like wee bit cockauds to deck our hieland lads,
And the lasses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

An' it's hame, an' it's hame to the north countrie,
An' it's hame, an' it's hame to the north countrie,
Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,
Wi' a heart kind and true, in my ain countrie.

But were they a' true that were far awa?
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa?
They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld frien's that were far awa.

"Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye have been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Atholl's green;
Owre weel ye lo'ed the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the hieland hills that were far awa."

"I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Atholl's green,
I ne'er lo'ed a lassie but my dorty Jean,
Sair, sair against my will did I bide sae lang awa,
And my heart was aye in Atholl's green at Carlisle ha'."

The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yard;
The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yard;
A blast blew owre the hill, that ga'e Atholl's flowers a chill,
And the bloom's blawn aff the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

AH, LITTLE DID MY MOTHER THINK.

AH, little did my mother think,
When to me she sung,
What a heartbreak I would be,
Her young and dautit son.

And oh! how proud she was o' me
In plaid and bonnet braw,
When I bade farewell to the north countrie,
And marching gaed awa!

Ah! little did my mother think,
A banished man I'd be,
Sent frae a' my kith and kin,
Them never mair to see.

Oh! father, 'twas the *sugar'd drap*
Aft ye did gi'e to me,
That has brought a' this misery
Baith to you and me.

ST. ANDREW'S TOUN.[24]

HAE ye been by Magus Muir,
Or by St. Andrew's Toun?
Or hae ye seen the ruin'd wa's
That honest folk pu'd doun?

And o' the bluidy Cardinal,
Ye surely hae heard tell?
And the persecutin' Bishop Sharpe,
And a' that them befell!

The licht that martyr'd Wishart saw
Red risin' owre the sea,
I wat it soon came to the land,
And brake on the Castell hie.

"The death the wicked Bishop dee'd,
Some folk will murder ca';
But by a' it is agreed,—
'The loun was weel awa'."

THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.[25]

Air—"The Women are a' gane wud."

THE women are a' gane wud,
Oh, that he had bidden awa!
He's turn'd their heads, the lad
And ruin will bring on us a'.
I aye was a peaceable man,
My wife she did doucely behave;
But noo, dae a' that I can,
She's just as wild as the lave.

My wife noo wears the *cockade*,
Tho' she kens 'tis the thing that I hate;
There's ane, too, *prin'd* on her maid,
An' baith will tak their ain gate.
The wild Hieland lads as they pass,
The yetts wide open do flee;
They eat the very house bare,
And nae leave's speer'd o' me.

I've lived a' my days in the Strath,
Now Tories infest me at hame,
And though I take nae side at a',
Baith sides will gie me the blame.
The senseless craturs ne'er think
What ill the lad wad bring back;
The Pope we'll hae, and his hounds,
And a' the rest o' his pack.

DUNCAN GRAY.[26]

DUNCAN Gray cam' here to woo,
A' but the wordin' o't;
He could scrape and he cou'd boo,
Mum was the burden o't,
Mony hums and mony heys,
Thumbs he twirl'd twenty ways,
But a sound he cou'd na raise,
Mum was the burden o't.

Meg was blythe an' Meg was braw,
Hech, hey, the wooin' o't;
She had scorned ane or twa,
And ne'er tuik the maen for't.
"Dummy lad, now ye'll can spae,
Tell me wha for life I'll hae?"
He has written Duncan Gray;
Fair fa' the wordin' o't.

Meg bethought her it was time,
Hech, hey, the wooin' o't;
Dearth o' words it was nae crime,
Hech, hey, the wooin' o't;
Duncan yellow gowd cou'd tell,
Walth had he o' maut an' meal,
She would find the words hersel',
Hech, hey, the wooin' o't.

JAMIE THE LAIRD.

Air—"The Rock and the wee pickle Tow."

SEND a horse to the water, ye'll no mak' him drink,
Send a fule to the College, ye'll no mak' him think;
Send a craw to the singin', an' still he will craw,
An' the wee laird had nae rummelgumshion ava.
Yet he is the pride o' his fond mother's e'e,
In body or mind nae faut can she see,
"He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonnie wee man,"
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.
An' oh! she's a haverin' Lucky, I trow,
An' oh! she's a haverin' Lucky, I trow,
"He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonnie wee man,"
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.

His legs they are bow'd, his e'en they do glee,
His wig, whiles it's aff, an' when on, it's ajee;
He's braid as he's lang,—an' ill-faur'd is he,
A dafter like body I never did see.
An' yet for this cratur, she says I am deein',
When that I deny, she's fear'd at my leein';—
Obliged to pit up wi' this sair defamation,
I'm liken to dee wi' grief and vexation.
An' oh! she's a haverin Lucky, &c.

An' her cleish-ma-clavers gang a' thro' the toun,
An' the wee lairdie trows I'll hang or I'll droun;
Wi' his gawkie-like face, yestreen he did say,
"I'll maybe tak you, for Bess I'll no hae,
Nor Mattie, nor Effie, nor lang-legged Jeanie,
Nor Nelly, nor Katie, nor skirlin' wee Beenie."
I stappit my ears, ran aff in a fury—
I'm thinkin' to bring them afore Judge an' Jury.
For oh! what a randy auld Lucky is she, &c.

Frien's! gie yere advice!—I'll follow yere counsel—
Maun I speak to the Provost, or honest Toun-Council?
Or the writers, or lawyers, or doctors? now say?
For the law o' the Lucky I shall an' will hae.—
The hale toun at me are jibin' an' jeerin',
For a leddy like me, it's really past bearin';
The Lucky maun now hae done wi' her claverin,'
For I'll no pit up wi' her, nor her haverin'!
For oh! she's a randy, I trow, I trow;
For oh! she's a randy, I trow, I trow;
"He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonnie wee man,"
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.

ARCHIE'S AN ARCHER.

Air—" Airchie M'Vie."

ARCHIE'S an archer, and a gude shot is he,
But tho' he's bit mony, he never hit me;
How handsome he looks, how stately his mien,
Wi' his bannet, and feather, and braw coat o' green!
Wi' his white gauntlet glove, an' his stiff stannin' ruff,
His clear shining buckles, his neat turned cuff;
Wi' his bow, and his quiver, a' filled with his darts,—
O! leddies, beware, beware o' your hearts!
Beware, beware o' Sir Archie M'Vie.

Oh high is his head, as that you may see,
But short is the purse o' Sir Archie M'Vie;
But though he has neither braw houses nor land,
His *prospects* he offers alang wi' his hand;—
An uncle o' eighty, wi' plenty to gie,
And an auntie, wha doats on Sir Archie M'Vie;
For an heiress he's busy preparing his darts,
O! leddies, beware, beware o' your hearts!
Beware, beware o' Sir Archie M'Vie.

He's weel descended and unco genteel,
That he's seekin' an heiress he does nae conceal;
He's a baronet now, and a lordlin' he'll be,
An' a trustworthy knicht is Sir Archie M'Vie.
He's lang had a sheep's-eye at mither an' me,
For something I hae, and mair she can gie;
He's offered his hand and his *prospects* to me,
But wi' a' his darts he never hit me!

Beware, beware o' Sir Archie M'Vie.

O, WHA IS THIS COMIN'?[27]

WHA is this comin', the folk are a' rinnin',
I wonder wha it can be;
Rin Jeanie, rin fast, or the show will be past,
Rin, rin an' bring word to me.
For there's somebody comin',
There's fifin' and drummin',
The folk are a' rinnin' to see;
If ye dinna rin fast, the show will be past,
Oh! I wonder wha it can be.

SANDY.

Oh! is it the Provost, and Toun Council a',
Or is it the Shirra', wi' limbs o' the Law;
Or the bra' paper Lords, in their wigs and their robes,
An' trumpets that loudly do blaw?
The bells are a' ringin', the folk are a' singin',
Sic a steer the Toun never saw;
A' guess you will see 'tis our ain M.P.
That's chair'd in spite o' them a'.
For there's somebody comin',
There's fifin' and drummin',
The folk are a' rinnin' to see;
If ye dinna rin fast, the show will be past,
Oh! I wonder wha it can be.

JEANIE.

It's nane o' them a', but it's better than a',
'Tis our ain dear Laird, that's come hame;
Wi' a heart that is to Scotland true blue,
We'll welcome him back to his ain.
Oh! the banner o' blue, the banner o' blue,
Aye he held by the banner o' blue;
A' Scotland's strife and perils he shared,
An' Heaven be praised his life has been spared.

An' that's wha is comin',
Nae wonder we're rinnin',
Baith laddies and lassies and a',
Wi' fifin' an' drummin', the folk are a' comin',
To welcome the Laird to his ha'.

SANDY.

The Laird! oh, it's owre gude news to be trûe;
Oh Jeanie I'll now rin faster than you,
Wi' our band, and our flags, and banner o' blue,
We'll bring back the laird to his ha'.

Sae loudly we'll cheer,—
The hills far and near
Will echo our hearty hurra;
He's been lang awa', but he's back 'mang us a',
Wave your bannets, and join our hurra!

FAREWEEL, EDINBURGH.[28]

Air—"Fareweel, Edinburgh."

FAREWEEL, Edinburgh, where happy we hae been,
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
Auld Reekie, fare-ye-weel, and Reekie New beside,
Ye're like a chieftain grim and gray, wi' a young bonny bride.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and your trusty volunteers,
Your Council, a' sae circumspect, your Provost without peers,
Your stately College stuff'd wi' lear, your rantin' High-Scule yard;
The jib, the lick, the roguish trick, the ghaists o' auld toun-guard.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;
Your scribes that set you a' to richts, and wield the golden pen;
The session-court, your thrang resort, bigwigs and lang gowns a';
And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth;
Your Bernard's Well, your Calton Hill, where every breeze is health;
An' spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales should ony chance to dee,
It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, or the fee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your hospitals and ha's,
The rich man's friend, the Cross lang ken'd, auld Ports, and city wa's;
The Kirks that grace their honoured place, now peacefu' as they stand,
Where'er they're found, on Scottish ground, the bulwarks of the land.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o' genius fine,
That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin' line;
A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just when it's forgot,
Your bard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair;
Your Palace in the sheltered glen, your Castle in the air;
Your rocky brows, your grassy knowes, and eke your mountain bauld;
Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale would ne'er be tauld;
Now, fareweel, Edinburgh, whar happy we hae been;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin' sun,
And blessin's be on Edinburgh till time his race has run!

AIKIN DRUM.[29]

THERE liv'd a man in our toun,
In our toun, in our toun,
There liv'd a man in our toun,
And they ca'd him Aikin Drum.
And he wad be a soger,
A soger, a soger,
And he wad be a soger,
And they ca'd him Aikin Drum.

And his coat was o' the gude saut meat,
The gude saut meat, the gude saut meat,
And a waistcoat o' the haggis-bag
Aye wore Aikin Drum.
O the gude lang kail, and the Atholl brose,
Aye they made his trews and hose;
And he luiket weel, as ye may suppose,
And his name was Aikin Drum.

And his bannet was made o' pye crust,
O' pye crust, o' pye crust,
And his bannet was made o' pye crust,
Built baith thick an' roun'.
And he played upon a razor,
A razor, a razor,
And he played upon a razor,
And while's upon the kame.

And he lov'd weel the crappit heads,
  The crappit heads, and singet heads,
And he lov'd weel the crappit heads,
  And singet heads an' a';
And he lov'd weel the ait cake,
  The ait cake, the ait cake,
And he lov'd weel the ait cake,
  An' scones and bannocks a'.

But, wae's me, he turned soger,
  A soger, a soger,
But, wae's me! he turned soger,
  And he was marched awa.
'Bout him the carles were gabbin',
  For him the laddies sabbin',
And a' the lassies greetin',
  For Aikin Drum's awa.

WE'LL GANG NA MAIR A' ROVIN'.[30]

THE collie chased the beggar man,
Ayont the warlock's wa',
An' the collie chas'd the beggar man
Out owre the eldrich shaw.
An' we'll gang na mair a roving,
So late into the nicht,
An' we'll gang na mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bricht,
An' we'll gang na mair a roving

O what was yon that glinted by,
An' bleezed upo' the tree ?
'Twas but a glimmer o' the moon,
It cam na here for me,
An' we'll gang na mair, &c.

But what's that purrin' at my frock,
An' trampin' on my heel ?
Maun collies ken whan beggar men
Uplift a pickle meal.
An' we'll gang na mair, &c.

Gin I were ance at hame again,
An' a' thing round me richt,
I ne'er would steal a crum o' meal,
By day nor yet by nicht.
An' we'll gang nae mair, &c.

An' we'll gang na mair a roving,
  So late into the nicht,
An' we'll gang na mair a roving, boys,
  Let the moon shine ne'er so bricht,
    An' we'll gang nae mair a roving.

YOUTHS' SOIREE.

Air—"The Campbells are comin'."

'TIS pleasant and cheery, when brethren agree,
To meet a' thegither at a Soiree—
Where father, and mother, the lad, and the lass,
An evening wi' pleasure and profit may pass.
Let mental and moral instruction combine,
Our recreations to mend and refine;
Nae aid we seek frae the pipe or the bowl,—
We hae music and mirth to delight every soul!

Prevention's far better than cure, we a' ken,
To begin wi' the bairns is far better than men;
Let us train them, when young, to make a bold stand
Against the bad customs, sae rife in the land.
Oh! weel they've begun—go on—go on—
Let each help the ither, be strong—be strong.
Mair courage is needed aft to say "No,"
Than a stalwart dragoon to hae for a foe!

A gude education is better than wealth,
A drink frae the well is the best for the health;
Poortith, I trow, wad seldom be seen,
If Scotland was ance what Scotland has been!

On bannocks and parritch young folks work fu' weel,—
Sair heads and sair hearts they seldom will feel;
If they keep frae the treatings, our squabbling wad cease,
An' folk wad be peacefu' without a police!

An' now let us a', afore we retire,
Break forth into singing, baith people and choir;
The better for meeting, oh, may we aye be,
At kirk, or at schule, or at a Soiree!

Three cheers for the lads who have made a brave stand,
Three cheers for the speakers, the stewards, and the band;
Three cheers for the leddies, wha grace our Soiree,
Three cheers for our chairman, and ane mair for me!

HUNTINGTOWER.[31]

WHEN ye gang awa, Jamie,
When ye gang awa, laddie,
What will ye gie my heart to cheer,
When ye are far awa, Jamie?

I'll gie ye a braw new goun, Jeanie,
I'll gie ye a braw new goun, lassie,
An' it will be a silken ane,
Wi' Valenciennes trimm'd round, Jeanie.

O that's nae luve at a', laddie,
That's nae luve at a', Jamie;
How could I bear braw gouns to wear,
When ye are far awa, laddie!

But mind me when awa, Jamie,
Mind me when awa, laddie,
For out o' sicht is out o' mind
Wi' mony folk, we ken, Jamie.

Oh! that can never be, Jeanie,
Forgot ye ne'er can be, lassie,
Oh gang wi' me to the north countrie,
My bonny bride to be, Jeanie.

The hills are grand and hie, Jeanie,
The burnies rinnin' clear, lassie,
Mang birks and braes, where wild deer strays,
Oh cum wi' me and see, lassie.

I winna gang wi' thee, laddie,
I tell't ye sae afore, Jamie;
Till free consent my parents gie,
I canna gang wi' thee, Jamie.

But when ye're wed to me, Jeanie,
Then they will forgie, lassie;
How can ye be sae cauld to me,
Wha's lo'ed ye weel and lang, lassie?

No sae lang as them, laddie,
No sae lang as them, Jamie;
A grief to them I wadna be,
No for the Duke himsel', Jamie.

We'll save our penny fee, laddie,
To keep frae poortith free, Jamie;
An' then their blessing they will gie,
Baith to you an' me, Jamie.

Huntingtower is mine, lassie,
Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie;
Huntingtower, an' Blairnagower,
An' a' that's mine is thine, Jeanie!

EPPIE MACNAB.[32]

O MIND ye nae, mind ye nae, Eppie Macnab,
It's no sae lang syne, O Eppie Macnab,
Sin' yere een they shone bright,
And yere heart it lap light,
Gin ye'd seen but the shadow o' blythe Jock Rab.
But weary now, weary now's wae Jock Rab,
O, weary now, weary now's wae Jock Rab,
My joy an' my pride, I lo'ed aye like a bride,
She's fause, an' forsaken her ain Jock Rab.

O, wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab!
O, wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab!
His fancy ye'll tine,
Ye maun nae mair be mine,
And the warld's a waste to your ain Jock Rab.
O, weary now, &c.

An' ye saw your wee bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,
Your mitherless bairnies now, Eppie Macnab;
They girn and think shame,
Gin they hear but your name,
And they wring the heart's blude frae your ain Jock Rab.

O, weary now, weary now's wae Jock Rab,
O, weary now, weary now's wae Jock Rab.
My joy an' my pride, I lov'd aye like a bride,
She's fause, an' forsaken her ain Jock Rab.

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.[33]

Air—"Earl Marischal."

WHEN Royal pow'r was hunted down,
And Cromwell bore the bell, sir,
How safe and sound lay Scotland's crown,
Behad, I'm gaun to tell, sir,

On fair Kincardine's rocky coast,
There's few that dinna ken yet,
Dunnottar's Castle, bauld and strong,
Stands tow'ring o'er the main, yet.

There Keith, Earl Marischal, warlike wight,
Sae noble and sae loyal,
He gat the guardin' o' them a',
Auld Scotia's ensigns royal.

When arms like his could ill be spared,
And he fought for the Stewart,
He ga'e them owre to Ogilvie,
A trusty and a true heart.

Strong to the stronger aye maun yield,
The rebels ruled the nation,
Brave Ogilvie and a' his men,
They could na keep their station.

His Leddy wi' a manly heart,
  She tuik it a' upon her,
To save from skaith her captain dear,
  And eke her country's honour.

The crown, the sceptre, sword, an' a',
  The lint she happit round them,
And a' unkend to Ogilvie,
  Safe in the sack she bound them.

A simple lass upon her back,
  Withouten fear or danger,
Soon brought them to the minister
  Of Kinneff, gude James Grainger.

Aneath the pulpit's sel they're laid,
  To mak the secret faster,
As low as lay the royal head,
  Short syne their rightfu' maister.

The darkest night will wear awa,
  Monk ga'e the bowls a row, man,
And Monarchy was up again,
  And Roundheads down, I trow, man.

The Marischal he cam frae the wars,
  Sae blythe was he that day, sir,
When Ogilvie ga'e back his trust,
  In spite o' a' the fray, sir.

THE IDLE LADDIE.

Air—"Wha wadna fecht for Charlie."

SAW ye ere an idle laddie
Playing truant ilka day,
Thinking he wad happy be,
If frae the schule he'd bide away?
Saw ye ere an eident laddie,
Busy learnin' a' the day;
Aye sae thrang when at his wark,
Aye sae cheerie at his play?

Oh! mind, ye bairns, mind ye're lear,
'Twill carry you the warld thro';
They wha bide awa' frae schule,
Aye in the end are sure to rue.
Be nae ye like idle Bell,
Wha comes, and then she bides away;
Syne her reading and her knitting,
She forgets frae day to day.

But Jeanie's parents they were wise,
An' *that,* they never wad allow;
For bairns are like sapling trees,
An' grow just as ye bend the bough.

Oh! bairns, aft ye hae been tauld,
  An' owre, an' owre it should be sung,—
It's ill to learn when we are auld,
  But unco easy when we're young!

Oh! mind ye, bairns, mind yere books,
  Live in peace and Christian love—
Seek not to provoke each other,
  Seek the *wisdom* frae above!
Oh! 'tis *this* will make ye happy,
  Gentle, patient a' the day—
It will help ye at your wark,
  An' mak' ye cheery at your play!

THE PENTLAND HILLS.[34]

Airs—"Martyrdom"—"Dundee."

THE pilgrim's feet here oft will tread
O'er this sequestered scene,
To mark whare Scotland's Martyrs lie
In lonely Rullion Green,—
To muse o'er those who fought and fell—
All Presbyterians true—
Who held the League and Covenant—
Who waved the banner blue!

Like partridge to the mountain driven—
Oh! lang and sairly tried!
Their cause they deemed the cause o' Heaven—
For that they liv'd and died!
Together here they met and prayed—
Ah! ne'er to meet again;
Their windin' sheet the bluidy plaid—
Their grave lone Rullion Green.

Ah! here they sang the holy strain—
Sweet Martyrs' melodie;
When every heart and every voice
Arose in harmonie.
The list'ning echoes all around
Gave back their soft reply,
While angels heard the hallow'd sound,
And bore it to the sky.

Oh! faithless King! hast thou forgot
  Who gave to thee thy crown?
Hast thou forgot thy solemn oath,
  At Holyrood and Scone?
Oh! fierce Dalziel! thy ruthless rage
  Wrought langsome misery;
What Scottish heart could ever gi'e
  A benison to thee!

Oh, Claverhouse! fell Claverhouse!
  Thou brave, but cruel Graham!
Dark deeds like thine will last for aye,
  Linked wi' thy blighted name.
Oh, Pentland hills, sae fair and green!
  When in the sunrise gleaming—
Or in the pensive gloamin' hour,
  Aneath the moonbeams streaming!

I love to wander *there* my lane,
  Wi' sad and sacred feeling;
While hallowed mem'ries wake the tear,
  In waefu' eye soft stealing.
I love thy wild sequester'd glen,
  Thy bonny wimplin' burn;
For Scotland's brave and martyr'd men,
  Still does it seem to mourn.

LAMENT OF THE COVENANTER'S WIDOW.

WEET and weary is the night,
Wi' soughing wind and rain, O;
And he that was sae true to me,
Is on the hill-side slain, O!

O that the hand that did the deed,
Had lain me where he's lying,
The green turf o'er my peacefu' head,
The night winds round me sighing.

But I maun hear and I maun grieve,
And I maun thole the morrow;
This heart's no made o' flesh and blood,
It winna break wi' sorrow.

What's a' this gaudy warld to me?
I canna bide the glare o't;
O gin it were the High Decree,
That I micht see nae mair o't.

For he had ta'en the Covenant
For Scotland's sake to dee, O,
Death to him was gain we ken,
But oh! the loss to me, O!

THE REGALIA.[35]

WE hae the crown without a head,
The sceptre's but a hand, O;
The ancient warlike royal blade,
Might be a willow wand, O!
Gin they had tongues to tell the wrangs
That laid them useless by, a',
Fu' weel I wot, there's ne'er a Scot
Could boast his cheek was dry, a'.
Then flourish thistle, flourish fair,
Tho' ye've the crown na langer,
They'll hae the skaith that cross ye yet;
Your jags grow aye the stranger.

O for a touch o' warlock's wand,
The byegane back to bring a',
And gie us ae lang simmer's day
O' a true born Scottish king a';
We'd put the crown upon his head,
The sceptre in his hand a',
We'd rend the welkin wi' the shout,
Bruce and his native land, a'.
Then flourish thistle, &c.

The thistle ance it flourish'd fair,
An' grew maist like a tree a',
They've stunted down its stately tap,
That roses might luik hie a'.

But tho' its head lies in the dust,
  The root is stout and steady;
The thistle is the warrior yet,
  The rose its tocher'd leddy.
    Then flourish, thistle, &c.

The rose it blooms in safter soil,
  And strangers up could root it;
Aboon the grund he ne'er was fand
  That pu'd the thistle out yet.

  Then flourish, thistle, flourish fair,
    Tho' ye've the crown nae langer,
  They'll hae the skaith that cross ye yet;
    Your jags grow aye the stranger.

THE BOAT SONG O' THE CLYDE.[36]

ROW, row, ye sailors brave!
Row, regardless of the wave,
Fearless, tho' a tempest blow,
Down the Clyde we'll go, we'll go.
And oh, what bustle, and what din,
Afore the folk can a' win in,
The bairnies, gentry, great and sma',
Are blythe to leave the Broomielaw.

Row, row, ye sailors brave!
Row, regardless of the wave;
Fearless tho' a tempest blow,
Down the Clyde we'll go, we'll go.

Countless boats and steamers ply,
Flags frae every nation fly,
Wi' pipers, fiddlers, noise, and clatter,
Doun we a' gang, doun the water!
An' oh! how sweet, in flow'ry June,
To leave auld Glasgow's smoky toun,
Wi' cloudless sky, an' fav'ring gale,
Doun the bonny Clyde to sail!

Row, row, &c.

What stately mansions come in view,
Elderslie and Scotston too,
Blythswood, on her lawn sae green,
Where Cart and Clyde are mingling seen.
An' oh! how fair on every side,
Spread the waters o' the Clyde,
Where Blantyre's noble woods appear,
Reflected in her waters clear.

Row, row, &c.

The wee waves ripple as they pass
The ivy'd wa's o' auld Dunglass;
Dumbarton Castle brave doth stand,
An' overlooks baith sea an' land!
The woods embow'ring half do hide
Ardgowan, in its beauty's pride,
An' Kelly House looks sweetly doun,
On wooded braes an' yellow broom.

Row, row, &c.

Sailing on to Rothesay Bay,
Where sunbeams o'er the Cumbraes play
Or thro' the wooded straits o' Kyle,
Where rocks on rocks fantastic pile.
Nature's pencil never drew,
Aught mair charming than the view
Where sun and shadow ever change,
O'er that Hieland mountain range!

Row, row, &c.

How soft an' grand in azure hue,
Arran's peakèd hills we view;
Oh, what are all Italia's dyes,
To Scotland's cloudy sunset skies!
Ye talk o' charms o' foreign clime,
O' a' the beauties o' the Rhine;
They may a' be grand an' fine,
But oh, they'll ne'er compare wi' thine.

Row, row, &c.

Fair Roseneath, the mountains' screen,
'Neath Argyle's rude bowling green,
'Mang heath, and rocks, and moss, and fell,
Where eagles and the wild deer dwell!
Sail we up, or sail we doun,
By Kilmun, or sweet Dunoon,
By Ardincaple, or the Row,
By Gairloch an' her mountain blue!

Row, row, &c.

The Holy Loch, where buried lie,
All that could o' Martyrs die,
Where the auld trees mournfu' wave,
Owre the Covenanters' grave!
Sequestered yont dark Cowal hill,
Thy waters, Echt, lie deep an' still,
Thy rocks and woods reflected there,
Wi' water lilies spreading fair.

Row, row, &c.

How many lovely scenes are thine,
Inverary and Loch Fine!
Loch Goil, Artinee, and Loch Long,
A' are worthy of a song.
Loch Lomond and the sweet Rossdhu,
Tarbet's boats wi' herrin' fu';
O, let a gratefu' thought arise
To Him who sends our rich supplies.
Row, row, &c.

Who has not felt the soothing power
O' Scotia's calm and gloamin' hour,
When, closed the eye of garish day,
The moonbeams on the waters play?
The Largs, and bonnie Fairlie lay
In the hues of parting day;
The shadows gath'ring o'er Wemyss Bay,
The sailors shout—Away, away.
Row, row, &c.

Auld Clyde, ye mony sights ha'e seen,
Scenes o' joy and grief, I ween;
A' kinds o' folk on Clyde ha'e been,
An' last, not least, Hail! comes the Queen!
Fareweel, fareweel, auld Clyde to thee,
Enchanting is thy scenery!
Were I to tell your beauties a',
My sang could hae nae end at a'!
Row, row, ye sailors brave,
Row, regardless of the wave;
Fearless, though a tempest blow,
Down the Clyde we'll go, we'll go.

CHARLIE'S LANDING.[37]

Air—"When Wild Wars."

THERE cam a wee boatie owre the sea,
Wi' the winds an' waves it strove sairlie;
But oh! it brought great joy to me,
For wha was there but Prince Charlie.
The wind was hie, and unco chill,
An' a' things luiket barely;
But oh! we come with right good-will,
To welcome bonnie Charlie.

Wae's me, puir lad, yere thinly clad,
The waves yere fair hair weeting;
We'll row ye in a tartan plaid,
An' gie ye Scotland's greeting.
Tho' wild an' bleak the prospect round,
We'll cheer yere heart, dear Charlie;
Ye're landed now on Scottish grund,
Wi' them wha lo'e ye dearly.

O lang we've prayed to see this day;
True hearts they maist were breaking;
Now clouds an' storms will flee away,
Young hope again is waking.
We'll sound the Gathering, lang an' loud,
Your friends will greet ye fairlie;
Tho' now they're few, their hearts are true,
They'll live or die for Charlie.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?[38]

THE news frae Moidart cam yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landit Royal Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin;
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma,
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye wha but Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan',
  But vows baith late an' early,
She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han'
  Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
    Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
  And be't complete an' early;
His very name our heart's blood warms;
  To arms for Royal Charlie!

  Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
    Ye're a' the welcomer early;
  Around him cling wi' a' your kin;
    For wha'll be king but Charlie?
  Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
  Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
  And crown your rightfu,' lawfu' king!
    For wha'll be king but Charlie?

MY BONNIE HIELAND LADDIE.[39]

PRINCE Charlie he's cum owre frae France,
In Scotland to proclaim his daddie;
May Heaven still his cause advance,
And shield him in his Hieland plaidie!

O my bonnie Hieland laddie,
My handsome, charming Hieland laddie!
May Heaven still his cause advance,
And shield him in his Hieland plaidie!

First when he cam to view our land,
The gracefu' looks o' the princely laddie
Made a' our true Scots hearts to warm,
And blythe to wear the tartan plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

But when Geordie heard the news,
How he was cum afore his daddie,
He thirty thousand pounds wad gie,
To catch him in his Hieland plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

But tho' the Hieland folks are puir,
  Yet their hearts are leal and steady;
And there's no ane amang them a',
  That wad betray their Hieland laddie.

O my bonnie Hieland laddie!
My handsome, charming Hieland laddie;
May Heaven still his cause advance,
And shield him in his Hieland plaidie!

GATHERING SONG.[40]

OH come, come along, and join in our song,
And march wi' our lads, along an' along;
He's waiting us there where heather grows fair,
And the clans they are gath'ring strong and strong.

He should be king, ye ken wha I mean,
Tho' Whigs that winna allow, allow;
We daurna speak out, but ye needna doubt,
That a' that we tell is true, is true.
Oh come, come along, &c.

On the steep mountains' breast, where shadows oft rest,
An' burnies are tumblin' down, and down;
In that deep recess, there's *ane* we can guess,
That is heir to our ain Scottish crown.
Oh come, come along, &c.

Like a sunbeam to cheer, he soon will appear,
Gracefu' and fleet, like a mountain deer;
Come gather, a' gather, along and along,
The clans and the echoes will join in our song.

Oh come, come along, and join in our song,
And march wi' our lads, along an' along;
He's waiting us there where heather grows fair,
And the clans they are gath'ring strong and
strong.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.[41]

'TWAS on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our toun,
The young Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
Th ey came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c.

Oh, there were mony beating hearts,
  And mony a hope and fear,
And mony were the prayers put up
  For the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling,
  My darling, my darling,
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
  The young Chevalier.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.[42]

HE'S owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's owre the hills we daurna name;
He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame

My father's gane to fight for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame;
My mither greets and prays for them,
And deed she thinks they're no to blame.
He's owre the hills, &c.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But ah! that love maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
He's owre the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
O'er Hieland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our lads will do;
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.
He's owre the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair:
Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done;
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's owre the hills we daurna name;
He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

JOHN TOD.[43]

Air—"John Tod."

E'S a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,
He's a terrible man, John Tod.
He scolds in the house,
He scolds at the door,
He scolds on the vera hie road, John Tod,
He scolds on the vera hie road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
The weans a' fear John Tod;
When he's passing by,
The mithers will cry,
'He's an ill wean,' John Tod, John Tod,
'He's an ill wean,' John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
The callants a' fear John Tod,
If they steal but a neep,
The laddie he'll whip,
And its unco' weel done o' John Tod, John Tod,
Its unco weel done o' John Tod.

An' saw ye nae wee John Tod, John Tod,
O saw ye nae wee John Tod;
His bannet was blue,
His shoon maistly new,
And weel does he keep the kirk road, John Tod,
O weel does he keep the kirk road,

How is he fendin', John Tod, John Tod?
How is he wendin', John Tod?
He's scourin' the land,
Wi' his rung in his hand,
An' the French wadna frighten John Tod, John Tod,
An' the French wadna frighten John Tod.

Ye're sun-brint and batter'd, John Tod, John Tod,
Ye're tautit and tatter'd, John Tod,
Wi' your auld strippit coul,
Ye luik maist like a fule,
But there's nouse i' the lining, John Tod, John Tod,
But there's nouse i' the lining, John Tod.

He's weel respeckit, John Tod, John Tod,
He's weel respeckit, John Tod;
He's a terrible man,
But we'd a' gae wrang,
If e'er he sud leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
If e'er he sud leave us, John Tod.

YE'LL MOUNT, GUDEMAN.[44]

LEDDY.

"YE'LL mount, gudeman; ye'll mount and ride;
Ye'll cross the burn syne doun the loch side,
Then up 'mang the hills and thro' the muir an' heather,
An' join great Argyle where loyal men gather."

LAIRD.

"Indeed, honest luckie, I think ye're no blate,
To bid loyal men gang ony sic gate;
For I'm gaun to fecht for true loyaltie,
Had the Prince ne'er anither, he still will hae me."

LEDDY.

"About Charlie Stuart we ne'er could agree;
But, dearie, for ance, be counselled by me;
Tak nae pairt at a'; bide quietly at hame,
An' ne'er heed a Campbell, McDonal', or Graham."

LAIRD.

"Na, na, gudewife, for that winna do,
My Prince is in need, his friends they are few:
I aye lo'ed the Stuarts; I'll join them the day;
Sae gi'e me my boots, for my boots I will ha'e."

LEDDY.

"Oh! saftly, gudeman, I think ye're gane mad;
I ha'e na the heart to prin on your cockaud;
The Prince, as ye ca' him, will never succeed;
Ye'll lose your estate, and may be your head!"

LAIRD.

"Come, cheer ye, my dear, an' dry up your tears!
I ha'e my hopes, an' I ha'e my fears;
But I'll raise my men, an' a' that is given,
To aid the gude cause—then leave it to Heaven!"

"But, haste ye now, haste ye, for I maun be gaun,
The mare's at the yett, the bugle is blawn;
Gi'e me my bannet, it's far in the day,
I'm no for a dish, there's nae time to stay."

LEDDY.

"Oh dear! tak' but ane, it may do ye gude!"
But what ails the woman? she surely is wud!
She's lifted the kettle, but somehow it coup'd
On the legs o' the laird, wha roar'd and wha loup'd.

LAIRD.

"I'm brent, I'm brent, how cam' it this way?
I fear I'll no ride for mony a day,—
Send aff the men, and to Prince Charlie say,
My heart is wi' him, but I'm tied by the tae."

The wily wife fleech'd, and the laird didna see
The smile on her cheek thro' the tear in her e'e—
"Had I kent the gudeman wad hae had siccan pain,
The kettle, for me, sud hae couped its lane!"

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.[45]

WI' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh! it's owre the Border awa, awa,
It's owre the Border awa, awa,
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away.
Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

Oh wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

His bonnet an' feather, he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.
Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd, the English saw—they saw—
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw;
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa, awa,
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an a', an' a',
We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a.

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

BONNIE Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie;
They kent you hiding in the glen,
Your cleadin was but barely.
Will ye no, &c.

English bribes were a' in vain,
An' e'en tho' puirer we may be;
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.
Will ye no, &c.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning grey;
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they'd gie,
Oh there is nane that wad betray.
Will ye no, &c.

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
  Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
  Will ye no come back again?
    Will ye no come back again?
    Will ye no come back again?
    Better lo'ed ye canna be,
     Will ye no come back again?

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTANE.

OH! wha will dry the dreeping tear,
She sheds her lane, she sheds her lane?
Or wha the bonnie lass will cheer,
Of Livingstane, of Livingstane?
The crown was half on Charlie's head,
Ae gladsome day, ae gladsome day;
The lads that shouted joy to him
Are in the clay, are in the clay.

Her waddin' gown was wyl'd and won,
It ne'er was on, it ne'er was on;
Culloden field, his lowly bed,
She thought upon, she thought upon.
The bloom has faded frae her cheek
In youthfu' prime, in youthfu' prime;
And sorrow's with'ring hand has done
The deed o' time, the deed o' time.

THE WHITE ROSE O' JUNE.[46]

Air—"Voice of Spring."

NOW the bricht sun, and the soft summer showers,
Deck a' the woods and the gardens wi' flowers—
But bonny and sweet though the hale o' them be,
There's ane aboon a' that is dearest to me;
An' oh, that's the white rose, the white rose o' June,
An' may *he* that should wear it come back again sune!

It's no on my breast, nor yet in my hair,
That the emblem dear I venture to wear;
But it blooms in my heart, and its white leaves I weet,
When alane in the gloamin' I wander to greet,
O'er the white rose, the white rose, the white rose o' June,
An' may *he* that should wear it come back again sune!

Mair fragrant and rich the red rose may be,
But there is nae spell to bind it to me—
But dear to my heart and to fond memorie,
Tho' scathed and tho' blighted the white rose may be,
O the white rose, the white rose, the white rose o' June,
O may *he* that should wear it come back again sune!

An' oh! may the true hearts thy perils who share,
Remember'd wi' tears, and remember'd in prayer,
Whom misfortune's rude blast has sent far awa,
Fair breezes bring back sune to cottage and ha';—
Then, O sing the white rose, the white rose o' June,
An' may *he* that should wear it wear Scotland's auld croun!

WHAT DO YE THINK O' GEORDIE NOO?[47]

DUET SUNG BY THE LAIRD AND HIS DAUGHTER MYSIE.

LAIRD.

"WHAT do you think o' Geordie noo ?
O what do you think o' Geordie noo ?
Come daughter mine, come tell me true,
O what do you think o' Geordie noo ?"

MYSIE.

"O Geordie we think nought ava,
O what has brought him here at a' ?
We hae ae king, nae need o' twa,
Sae Geordie ye maun march awa."

LAIRD.

"Oh daughter mine, I'm wae to see,
Ye speak sae light o' majestie ;
Now Geordie's king o' kingdoms three,
Ye maun obey baith him and me."

MYSIE.

"O faither dear, I need na say,
Your will's a law, I'll aye obey,
But sure they're wud that can compare
King Geordie wi' auld Scotland's heir !"

LAIRD.

"Fair faced, I grant, the Stuarts a' be,
But, oh, they're fu' o' treacherie;
O, Mysie, lass, ye little ken
The drift o' Cavaliering men!"

MYSIE.

"We're wae to see a foreign loon,
Come over here to take our croun;
Outlandish gibberish on his tongue,
No understood by auld or young.

"O Geordie's stout, and unco braid,
He's no like Charlie in his plaid;
To see him dance, to hear him sing;
O sure he is our rightfu' king!"

LAIRD.

"It's no to sing, nor yet to dance.
That we will tak' a king frae France;
A bird that's ta'en frae an ill nest,
It aye will do like a' the rest."

MYSIE.

"For nae offence that we can see,
Up in a rage will Geordie flee;
The flames get then his periwig,
That's no denied by ony whig."

LAIRD.

"A weel, a weel, and what's a' that,
To them wha promise and draw back?
Nae wiser by adversitie,
O! tyrants a' the Stuarts wad be."

MYSIE.

"O adverse winds round them did blaw,
And he has seen and felt it a';
O, dinna believe ill tales are true,
For that we all are apt to do."

LAIRD.

"It's true the sun will melt the snaw,
It's true that time will wear awa,
It's true that nicht will follow day,
O, Mysie, there's truth in a' I say.

"O, Mysie, lass, dry up thy tears,
And think nae mair o' cavaliers:
To fecht 'gainst heaven is a' in vain,
The Stuarts will never reign again."

TOGETHER.

"Auld Scotland is unconquered land,
And aye for freedom made a stand;
So let us a' in that agree,
Hurra, hurra, for liberty!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.[48]

WHA, for auld Geordie, at Egypt and Maida,
Scotland's proud banner sae fearless display'd a'?
Broke the Invincible ranks blade to blade a'?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal,
And bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the Hielandman's
Bannocks o' barley!

Wha, on the Waterloo heights, wauken'd early?
Wha, when the bullets rain'd on them right sairly,
Charged back the faemen, an' stood their grund fairly?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha, when the coward loons first gan to swither,
Poured like the bleeze o' their ain mountain heather?
Wha from the eagle's wing plucked its last feather?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal,
And bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the Hielandman's
Bannocks o' barley

THE TRUMP OF WAR.

Air—"Hey tutti taiti."

THE trump of war is sounding,
We hear, we hear the strain;
The steed impatient bounding,
Speeds to the battle-plain.
The hostile foe's advancing
In glittering array,
The sharpen'd steel is glancing,
With dread artillery.

Hey tutti taiti for our ain dear land!
Hey tutti taiti we fall where we stand!
Hey tutti taiti for our ain dear land!
Hey tutti taiti we fall where we stand!

Scotland's clansmen gather,
Wi' the bonnet and the feather,
In grey and tartan plaidie,
Hanging sae gracefullie.
Hope our youth inspiring,
The battle-field desiring,
And, with a zeal untiring,
They shout for victory.
Hey tutti taiti, &c.

The victory is glorious;
Britain still victorious;
While we rejoice in chorus,
  Oh let us pray for peace.
Then heroes of the land and sea,
Returning to their ain countrie,
We'll live in peace and liberty,
  And strife and warfare cease.

  Hey tutti taiti for our ain dear land!
  Hey tutti taiti we fall where we stand!
  Hey tutti taiti for our ain dear land!
  Hey tutti taiti we fall where we stand!

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?[49]

Air—"Saw ye nae my Peggy?"

SAW ye nae my Peggy?
Saw ye nae my Peggy?
Saw ye Peggy comin'
Thro' Tillibelton's broom?
I'm frae Aberdagie,
Owre the crafts o' Craigie,
For aught I ken o' Peggy,
She's ayont the moon.

'Twas but at the dawin'
Clear the cock was crawin',
I saw Peggy cawin'
Hawky by the brier.
Early bells were ringing,
Blythest birds were singing,
Sweetest flowers were springing,
A' her heart to cheer.

Now the tempest's blowin',
Almond water's flowin',
Deep and ford unknowin',
She maun cross the day.
Almond water spare her,
Safe to Lynedoch bear her!
Its braes ne'er saw a fairer,
Bess Bell nor Mary Gray.

Oh, now to be wi' her!
Or but ance to see her
Skaithless, far or near,
  I'd gie Scotland's crown.
Byeword blind's a lover—
Wha's yon I discover?
Just yere ain fair rover
  Stately stappin' down.

FELL HE ON THE FIELD OF FAME.[50]

Air—"McIntosh's Lament."

FELL he on the field of fame,
Glory resting on his name?
O'er his young and dauntless breast,
Does the sculptur'd marble rest?
Sad and silent passing by,
Ask not where his ashes lie;
Blooming gay, in manly prime,
Lowly laid before his time.

Smiling on the parent knee,
Beaming hope was linked with thee;
Grown at last her pride and boast,
Hope itself in joy was lost.
Where his youthful footsteps roved,
Thro' the woodland bowers he loved;
Once her dear delight and care—
Mother say what now they are.

Honour's laws have dealt the blow;
Fear of man has laid him low;
Bound by human maxims vile,
Braving highest Heaven the while.

Fear of man has brought the snare,
Deathless souls entangled there,
Scorning mandates from on high,
Rush into eternity!

Christian hope, tho' high she spring,
Here must stoop the soaring wing;
Murderous laws, which men approve,
Pass not Heaven's courts of love!
O! might dark oblivion's power,
Shadow o'er this anguished hour,
And aid the wretched hope forlorn,
To forget he e'er was born!

THE LADY GRANGE.[51]

Air—"In Lonely Wilds."

OH! lang the Ladye Grange did live
Upon St. Kilda's rock;
But surely sorrow winna kill,
Or else her heart had broke.
Far, far removed from kith and kin,
And a' that life endears,
She aft looked o'er the wat'ry waste
Whare ne'er a ship appears.

O! is it for my faither's crime
That I'm thus banish't far?
Or was it ony faut o' mine
That kindled civil war?
M'Leod and Lovat, weel I trow,
Hae wrought this treacherie;
But wherefore has their cruel spite
Fa'en a' on helpless me.

And thus she mourn'd, fair Ladye Grange,
Thus sped her life away;
The morning sun it brought nae joy,
And night did close the day;

And nought was heard but sea-bird's cry,
  To cheer her solitude,
Or the wild raging billow's roar
  That broke o'er rocks sae rude.

At length a fav'ring wind did bring
  An auld and worthy pair,
Wha wi' the kindest charitie,
  Her sorrows a' did share.
They taught her pridefu' heart to bend
  Aneath the chastening rod;
And then she ken'd her prison walls
  Had been a blest abode.

WAKE, IRISHMEN, WAKE.

Air—"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

WAKE, Irishmen, wake, let your slumbers be over,
Our children will look to our day when we're gone,
The clouds and thick darkness now o'er us may hover,
The sun will yet shine on fair Erin!

Strong is the arm that is stretched out to save us,
High is the rock where our confidence rests,
It is not in man, with his worst threats, to brave us.
Then Irishmen, wake! let your slumbers be over,
Our children will look to our day when we're gone,
Tho' clouds and thick darkness now o'er us may hover,
The sun will yet shine on fair Erin!

What will numbers avail, when their strength is departed?
The bread sent from Heaven, they trample it down;
Our birthright—our portion—yet dark and cold-hearted
They starve the poor sons of fair Erin.

Shall Irishmen, bold as the king of the forest,
And free as the eagle that soars in the sky,—
Black slavery abhorring, — bow down to the *sorest?*
No—sons of old Ireland, too long kept in blindness,
High Heaven itself sends glad tidings to you;
Claim your Bibles, you'll find them all love and all kindness,
The joy and the peace of fair Erin!

We love you as men,—and as brothers we love you,
Our hearts long to free you from Popery's hard chain;
For the sake of your undying souls, we would move you,
To know the *true* friends of fair Erin.
Come better, come worse, we will never surrender,
For the cause that our forefathers stood, we will stand;
To the last drop of blood our own Isle we'll defend her.
Then Irishmen, rise! let your slumbers be over;
Our children will look to our day when we're gone,
Tho' clouds and thick darkness now o'er us may hover,
The sun will yet shine on fair Erin!

A HEAVENLY MUSE.[52]

Air—"Miss Carmichael."

A HEAVENLY muse in green Erin is singing,
His strains, all seraphic, ascend to the skies;
Fair blossoms of Eden around him all springing,
The soft balmy ether perfume as they rise.
Sweet poet! be true to thy lofty aspiring,
While bound by thy magic, the sky's half unfurl'd;
Youth, beauty, and taste are with rapture admiring;
O! spread not around them the fumes of this world!

AULD LANGSYNE.[53]

Air—"Auld Langsyne."

WHAT gude the present day can gie,
May that be yours an' mine;
But beams o' fancy sweetest rest
On auld langsyne.
On auld langsyne, my dear,
On auld langsyne;
The bluid is cauld that winna warm
At thoughts o' langsyne,

We twa hae seen the simmer sun,
And thought it aye would shine;
But mony a cloud has come between
Sin' auld langsyne.
Sin' auld langsyne, &c.

But still my heart beats warm to thee,
And sae to me does thine;
Blest be the pow'r that still has left
The frien's o' langsyne.
O' auld langsyne, my dear,
O' auld langsyne;
The bluid is cauld that winna warm
At thoughts o' langsyne.

THE CONVICT'S FAREWELL.

Air—"The Convict's Farewell."

OH, this is my departing night,
Fareweel, fareweel to ane an' a';
Alas! before the mornin's light,
Far maun I be frae ye a'.
Far frae hame a banish'd man,
To lands my kindred never saw;
My fireside dear, may peace be here,
When I am gane and far awa!

The nights and days that come to me,
O wae they'll be and heartless a';
I've seen what I nae mair maun see,
O' peace and joy amang ye a'.
But I ken weel, had I been leal,
An' held my country's honour'd law,
I need nae now been leaving you,
For foreign lands and far awa.

The weary tipplin' trade, I trow,
Has brought me to this lost estate;
What in the morn wad been my scorn,
Wi' the bree o'ercome, I did at late.

Now gudewife true, fareweel to you,
  An' fareweel bonnie bairnies a';
My broken heart frae ye maun part,
  For lonely lands and far awa.

It's a delusion, night and day,
  That tempts us to transgress the law;
And own we must the sentence just,
  That sends the offender far awa.
But oh! the heavy hour is come;
  My last look I ha'e o' ye ta'en;
When I'm away, oh for me pray,
  An' mind this nicht, when I am gane.

YE SPIRES OF BANFF.

Air—"Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."

YE spires of Banff, sae fair to see,
Now quickly fading frae my view,
Oh! when shall I return to thee,
How bid a sad, a long adieu?
'Tis duty calls me far away,
'Tis duty sends me owre the sea;
Tho' fond affection bids me stay—
Fareweel, fareweel, dear Banff, to thee!

Oh! maun I cross the Moray Firth,
Where Souters guard fair Cromartie,
Frae the dearest, sweetest land on earth,
Soon, soon, owre soon, I'll parted be!
The waves are dancing in the sun,
The sail is spread, the breeze doth rise,
Frae a' that's dear we seem to run,
Fareweel, fareweel! to Scotland's skies!

FAREWEEL, O FAREWEEL.

Gaelic Air.

FAREWEEL, O fareweel!
My heart it is sair;
Fareweel, O fareweel!
I'll meet him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,
Lang, lang, but nae mair;
I maunna repine,
But my heart it is sair.

His staff's at the wa',
Toom, toom is his chair!
His bannet an' a'!
An' I maun be here!

But O! he's at rest,
Why sud I complain?
Gin my saul be blest,
I'll meet him again.

O! to meet him again,
Whare hearts ne'er are sair;
O! to meet him again
To part never mair!

GUDE NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.[55]

THE best o' joys maun hae an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The langest day will wear away,
And I maun bid fareweel to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu';
For words, gin they hae sense ava,
They're broken, faltering, and few;
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

O we hae wandered far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands o' firth and fell,
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
And twined it wi' the heather bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot-house and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak a last farewell,
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

My harp fareweel, thy strains are past,
Of gleefu' mirth, and heartfelt wae;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
But, oh! whare sorrow canna win,
Nor parting tears are shed ava,
May we meet neighbour, kith and kin,
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

REST IS NOT HERE.

WHAT'S this vain world to me?—
Rest is not here;
False are the smiles I see,
The mirth I hear.
Where is youth's joyful glee?
Where all once dear to me?
Gone as the shadows flee—
Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
Blythely and fair?
Why did those tints so fine
Vanish in air?
Does not the vision say,
Faint lingering heart away,
Why in this desert stay?
Dark land of care!

Where souls angelic soar,
Thither repair;
Let this vain world no more
Lull and ensnare.
That Heaven I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
All things around me tell,
Rest is found there.

OH! OCEAN BLUE.[56]

A Fragment.

OH! ocean blue, thou seem'st at rest;
Upon thy bosom bear
A poor forlorn, whose aching breast
Has long been wreck'd with care.
Oh! bear me, bear me, far away,
With gentle gale and fav'ring wind—
And land me on some peaceful shore,
But leave, Oh! leave my grief behind!

Ah! no, poor youth, thy wish is vain,
See stormy clouds arise,
There is no rest, for mariners,
Beneath these earthly skies
But look above, there is a *port*,
A pure and peaceful haven,
With faith and prayer, ply your oar,
And anchor, safe, in heaven.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?[57]

Air—"Aileen Aroon."

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory giv'n,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, tho' now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly time, fly speedily,
Come life and light.

HERE'S TO THEM THAT ARE GANE.[58]

Air—"Here's a Health to Ane I Lo'e Dear."

HERE'S to them, to them that are gane;
Here's to them, to them that are gane;
Here's to them that were here, the faithful and dear,
That will never be here again—no, never.
But where are they now, that are gane?
Oh! where are the faithful and true?
They're gone to the light that fears not the night,
And their day o' rejoicing shall end—no, never.

Here's to them, to them, that were here,
Here's to them, to them, that were here;
Here's a tear and a sigh, to the bliss that's gone by,
But 'twas ne'er like what's coming, to last—for ever.
Oh! bright was their morning sun;
Oh! bright was their morning sun;
Yet, lang eré the gloaming, in clouds it gaed down,
But the storm, and the cloud, are now past—for ever.

Fareweel, fareweel! parting silence is sad,
Oh! how sad the last parting tear!
But that silence shall break, where no tear on the cheek
Can bedim the bright vision again — no, never.
Then speed to the wings of old Time,
That waft us, where pilgrims would be,
To the regions of rest, to the shores of the blest,
Where the full tide of glory shall flow—for ever!

THE DEAD WHO HAVE DIED IN THE LORD.[59]

GO, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,
Let the tresses be torn, and the garments be rent;
But weep not for him who is gone to his rest,
Nor mourn for the ransom'd, nor wail for the blest.
The sun is not set, but is risen on high,
Nor long in corruption his body shall lie—
Then let not the tide of thy griefs overflow,
Nor the music of Heaven be discord below;
Rather loud be the song, and triumphant the chord,
Let us joy for the dead who have died in the Lord.

Go, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,
Let the tresses be torn, and the garments be rent;
But give to the living thy passion of tears
Who walk in this valley of sadness and fears;
Who are press'd by the combat, in darkness are lost,
By the tempest are beat, on the billows are toss'd.
Oh, weep not for those who shall sorrow no more,
Whose warfare is ended, whose combat is o'er;
Let the song be exalted, be triumphant the chord,
And rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord.

POEMS AND SONGS

OF

CAROLINE OLIPHANT

THE YOUNGER.

POEMS AND SONGS.

LINES ON DREAMS.

OH! Dreams are mysteries! The free-born mind
Owns not the fetters which the body wears,
By sleep imposed. But starting from the haunts
Of men, revels in scenes no foot hath trod,
Or visits those the foot may tread no more:
Dreams bring the shadow back on Time's hard dial:
Shake the full hour-glass, and the golden sands
Run once again their sparkling course. It seems
As Reason's handmaids—while their mistress slept—
Had each assumed a character, and dressed
In masquer's habit—by the flickering glare
Of midnight torches held strange revelry.

Fancy, attir'd in Memory's weeds, laments
And hangs in sorrow o'er the funeral urn
Of one who ne'er deceased; or, with a word,
Enchantress-like, calls from the lonely grave
Some that in silence long have dwelt; takes off
The vestments of the tomb, and gives them back
Their mortal garb, so dear to those who mourn!
Around them throws, the very spell that once
Had power to fix and captivate! Then fades
This bright illusion of the mind—a flash
Of lightning, fleet as vivid!—leaving us
Scathed with the brightness that around us played.
Hope, by the glare of glimmering torches rous'd,
Starts from her airy couch to join the dance
Of festive nymphs—a mazy 'wildering dance—
Her step still fleetest, still her voice most dear.
Then bounding o'er the turf, she hastens down
To where her skiff lies moor'd within the bay,
Loosens the anchor, spreads before the wind
The fluttering sail, and o'er a moonlight sea
Steers her light bark, where on the boundary line,
The girdle of the ocean, vapours sleep,
Outstretched like harbours, luring her to rest.
Fear, too, steals forth, like one to trial led
Of fiery ordeal, shunning burning shores,—
Now by her shadow frightened, or the roar
Of distant bull, that near and nearer comes,
With flaming eye, and horns that pointed seem
To lift the victim high in air; and then—
At once the vision changes, like the skies
Seen in far Northern climes; while the fix'd eye

Gazes on rolling waves of light; in vain
It strives to give stability! Away
The meteor darts; its spiral columns shift,
And on the far horizon bear aloft
A momentary canopy of flame.
Now Pleasure's bird, on wings of varied hue,
Catches the sun's last rays, and radiant glows,
With liquid amethyst and molten gold!
Sudden, the sun has set, the pall is thrown
O'er his departed lustre, and the owl,
Of mournful presage, chaunts his requiem.
Coherence incoherent!—Arabesque,
Of mental imagery, the serpent's folds
To human body joining on fantastic.
Here swift Apollo follows in the chase,
And grasps a laurel branch, his only meed;
Or from a grove of shady myrtles, peeps
A dancing satyr, spreading terror round;
Yet would our sleeping hours alone receive
Monstrous impossibilities!
If from their slumbers waken'd, none pursued
Dreams more absurd and fatal to the soul,
Shall Reason then encourage, by her voice,
The follies of her vassals? Lay aside
Her sceptre on a mole-hill, sit enthron'd
And wear the garlands of a Queen of May?
Oh! there are projects of the waking mind—
Fears and anticipations—that would shame
The visions of the night, so wild, so vain!
Who shall awake these sleepers? When the surge
Beats on the tossing vessel, and the winds

Make it their sport, say, Will there then be time
To rise and call upon their God? Or, lull'd
By Mercy's soft entreaty, must they sleep
And take their rest, till the last earthquake's shock,
And rolling thunder echoing round, announce
The door of hope for ever closed?
Without, remain in darkness and despair,
The dreamer, waken'd from his trance, convinced
The Atheist; but too late!—the last long blast
His unannihilated soul demands;
And as its mighty voice still louder grows,
Hurls into fragments a dismember'd world.

ON READING LORD BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

NATURALIST of mind! Thy bark sailed far,
A voyage of discovery o'er the waste
Of Life's wide sea; and not to be deceived
By its bright surface, and its dancing waves
Smiling in sunshine, thou didst dive beneath
Searching its hidden caves, and see
Innumerable creeping things, that dwelt
From others' sight concealed, and with the line
Which Reason gave thee, didst attempt to sound
Immeasurable depths, examine all
The rocky grottos where the Genii sleep,
And gathering thence a tuneful shell, did'st pour
A melancholy blast, that strangely jarr'd
With the light music of the Gondolier.
In fancied safety, sailing o'er the flood,
Many have chanted ocean's loveliness,
Drawn fairy castles on her waves, whose swell
Prolonged the colonnade of wreathed shafts,
And tinged them with a deeper hue. Fair spell!
How many a wand'rer hath been lured by it,
Watching the changes wrought, and hath forgot
Morgana's sumptuous hall was not his home.

Not such thy flatt'ring picture;—thou didst fling
The slime upon the surface, troubling all
The sea-nymph's palace; but thou didst not show
Where the lone voyager might rest in peace
The stormy hours of night. Thou brought'st some spoils
From ocean's tesselated pavement—wrecks
Of human happiness, Affection's freight,
Her gold and ivory from the barren rocks,
With spicy treasures which no price could pay;
And with them specimens of coral broke
From the hard reefs, on which thy bark had struck.
Some child of waters, some fair lotus-wreath
Thy hand hath gather'd as it floated by;
And passing melody of mermaid's song
Thine ear hath caught; but from the foam arising
Thy tale was of the whirlpool and the brine,
The bitterness of waters that had whelm'd thy soul.
Poor mariner! thou didst o'erlook the chief
Of all the wonders of the deep. Hadst thou
In that vast search, ransacking all her caverns,—
Hadst thou but seen the Pearl of price that shone
Pure, midst those turbid waters, thou hadst sung
A joyous strain, and with a worthier freight
Than seaweed torn from sunken rocks, hadst steer'd
In safety for "The Islands of the Blest."
Not as thy records tell: they only prove
Ocean for thee had gulfs, but held no *Gem.*

THE NIGHTINGALE.

NO! it is not when day is flinging
Brightness o'er the radiant plain,
'Tis not when Nature's choir is singing,
The night-bird pours her sweetest strain.

It is when shades of eve are spreading
A slumbering mist upon the ground,
'Tis when the moon is softly shedding
Light, and a breathing stillness round.

Then o'er the hush'd air gently stealing,
Its sweetest cadence floats along,
Oh! who has heard those strains of feeling,
And wish'd for gayer warbler's song.

Thus, it is not when Fortune smiling,
Casts her beaming glances round,
'Tis not mid Pleasure's strains beguiling,
The Spirit's holy notes are found.

But when Prosperity's gay splendour,
Has faded into Sorrow's night,
And pure Religion's beam, more tender,
Round us sheds her silvery light.

Oh! then the Spirit's voice from heaven,
Swells on the bosom calm and lone;
Who that has heard those songs of even,
Would ask the day-bird's livelier tone?

THE GARDEN AT GASK.

BAIN would I linger here, as I have seen
The sun reposing on this mossy green,
That well might tempt his chariot-wheels to stay,
And check his coursers in their fiery way.
Speed on, thou Sun, thy home is in the west;
I too must speed, for this is not my rest.

Like thee, bright orb! my further path is trac'd,
And to my going down, I too must haste,
For on my pilgrim path no Gibeon's hill
Invites my weary spirit to stand still.
Thou hast returned and brought the shadow back;
I may not, would not, turn me from my track.

Still o'er these mossy walks thy circuit make,
Still in these bowers thy bright siesta take;
On me the gate hath closed, and I must go
Forth from this Eden thro' a vale of woe;
Diverse our path, yet both our God hath blest;
Heav'n spreads a couch for each—a glorious golden rest.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

Air—"Vicar of Bray."

A WIND-BOUND exile far from home,
While standing near th' unfathomed main,
My eyes the far horizon roam,
To see the land I long to gain.
Though dim with mists and faintly blue,
The hills of bliss e'en now I view;
Oh! when will Heaven's soft breezes come
And waft the weary exile home?

Let those who know no lovelier shore
Their shells and sea-weed idly heap,
Then mourn to see their paltry store
Dispersed and sinking in the deep.
My storehouse lies beyond the wave,
My treasure fears no wat'ry grave,
And oh! I wish fair winds would come
And waft me o'er to that blest home.

Already some I held most dear,
Have safe arrived on yonder strand,
Their backs afar like specks appear,
The exiles now have gained the land.
Their parting signals wave no more,
No signs of woe float from that shore!
And soon the skiff for me will come,
And Heaven's own breath will waft me home.

ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

I THOUGHT to join the heavenly choir,
To strike a harp of light;
While this forgotten, tuneless lyre,
Rested 'mid shades of night.

I thought to dwell in heav'nly bowers,
Where angels have their seat,
And wreathe immortal amaranth flowers,
To cast at Jesus' feet.

Alas! this jarring, broken lute
Alone remains to me;
In vain I sweep its chords so mute;
They wake no melody.

No fragrant crown from Eden's bow'rs
Is giv'n into my hand;
Only a wreath of with'ring flowers,
Cull'd in this desert land.

With pity, Lord, my off'ring view,
Although for thee unmeet;
'Tis all enthroned saints can do,
To lay it at Thy feet.

From silence my mute lyre release,
And tune its chords to love;
Breathe o'er its numbers, breathe Thy *peace*,—
Echo of *joy* above.

OH, NEVER! NO, NEVER!

OH! never, no, never,
Thou'lt meet me again!
Thy spirit for ever
Has burst from its chain;
The links thou hast broken
Are all that remain,
For never, oh! never,
Thou'lt meet me again.

Like the sound of the viol,
That dies on the blast;
Like the shade on the dial,
Thy spirit has pass'd.
The breezes blow round me,
But give back no strain;
The shade on the dial
Returns not again.

Where roses enshrined thee,
In light trellis'd shade,
Still hoping to find thee,
How oft have I strayed!
Thy desolate dwelling
I traverse in vain;—
The stillness has whisper'd,
Thou'lt ne'er come again.

I still haste to meet thee,
When footsteps I hear;
And start, when to greet me
Thou dost not appear;
Then afresh o'er my spirit
Steals mem'ry of pain,—
For never, oh! never,
Thou'lt meet me again.

NOTES.

Note 1, Page 3.

The Land o' the Leal. Through an extensive correspondence we have ascertained the period when this exquisite lay was written, and the circumstances under which it was produced. The subject has been briefly referred to in Lady Nairne's Memoir. We now propose to relate the circumstances fully. The Rev. William Erskine, minister of the Episcopal congregation at Muthill, Perthshire, was, through his wife, a daughter of the House of Drummond, related to the family of the Oliphants. He held a social position superior to his lowly fortunes, for his ecclesiastical revenues only amounted to fifty pounds a year. His family consisted of a son and daughter, both of whom succeeded in life, so as to reflect credit on the parental upbringing. The son, William Erskine, latterly a Senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Kinnedder, was the early and attached friend of Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated to him the third Canto of Marmion, and familiarly termed him his "counsellor."

When he had passed advocate, Erskine took up house in Edinburgh along with his sister Mary Anne, whose lively and intelligent society proved to him a source of comfort during his early professional struggles. By his friend, young Walter Scott, Mary Anne was regarded with tender interest. He saw her often, and indicated an especial desire to share in her regard. But Miss Erskine had already bestowed her affections on another, whom she had in early life met in society at Perthshire. The successful wooer was Archibald Campbell Colquhoun, of Killermont, advocate and sheriff of Perthshire. To this gentleman Mary Anne Erskine was married in 1796. The day after the event her brother handed to his friend Walter Scott a letter, in which Mrs. Colquhoun communicated as follows :—

"If it were not that etiquette and I were constantly at war, I should think myself very blameable in thus trespassing against one of its laws ; but as it is long since I forswore its dominion, I have acquired a prescriptive right to act as I will, and I shall accordingly anticipate the station of a *matron*, in addressing a *young man*.

"I can express but a very, very little of what I feel, and shall

ever feel, for your unintermitting friendship and attention. I have ever considered you as a brother, and shall *now* think myself entitled to make even larger claims on your confidence. Well do I remember the *dark* conference we lately held together! The intention of unfolding *my own* future fate was often at my lips.

"I cannot tell you my distress at leaving this house, wherein I have enjoyed so much real happiness, and giving up the service of so gentle a master, whose yoke was indeed easy. I will, therefore, only commend him to your care as the last bequest of Mary Anne Erskine, and conjure you to continue to each other through all your pilgrimage as you have commenced it. May every happiness attend you. Adieu.—Your most sincere friend and sister, M. A. E."

About a year after their marriage the connubial happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun was crowned by the birth of a daughter. The child was very beautiful, and was regarded with that deep affection which parents entertain for their first-born. But the object of parental solicitude became sickly, and, in less than a year from her birth, passed away. Mrs. Colquhoun was inconsolable. She caused a wax cast of the child to be prepared. "This," writes Mr. J. C. Colquhoun, "remains at Killermont, to attest the depth of that first sorrow on a most tender and sanguine heart."

Among those who sought to administer consolation to the sorrowing mother was her early friend Carolina Oliphant. From the feelings drawn forth on the occasion she was led to compose the "Land o' the Leal." In its original form it consisted of seven verses. At a subseqent period, when the writer became more enlightened respecting the Gospel scheme, she incorporated these lines—

> "Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
> Sae free the battle fought, John,
> That sinfu' man e'er brought
> To the land o' the leal."

Mrs. Colquhoun was entreated not to divulge the authorship, and she strictly fulfilled her friend's request, for she did not intrust anyone with the secret. Many years after, when Lady Nairne was verging on old age, she wrote concerning the origin of "The Land o' the Leal" in these words—

"'The Land of the Leal' is a happy rest for the mind in this dark pilgrimage. . . . . O yes! I was young then. I wrote it merely because I liked the air so much, and I put these words to it, never fearing questions as to the authorship. However, a lady would know and took it down, and I had not Sir Walter's art of denying. I was present when it was asserted that Burns composed it on his death-bed, and that he had it *Jean* instead of 'John;' but the parties could not decide why it never appeared in his works, as his last song should have done. I never answered.'

These words are quoted from a letter addressed to a correspondent who had urged our authoress to relate some particulars respecting the history of her most celebrated composition. In a subsequent part of the letter the writer adds, "I have only acknowledged the authorship to a single other person, except at your bidding." That "other person" was Mrs. Colquhoun.

Though she had made no absolute acknowledgment, it was known to several members of Lady Nairne's family that she had composed this inimitable lay. One of her Ladyship's nieces writing to a friend in 1862, proceeds, "I have known that my dear aunt was author of 'The Land o' the Leal' ever since I can remember. So, I believe, has Mrs. Stuart Sandeman and Miss Rachel Oliphant and Miss A. D. Steuart, though of the last I am not certain. There were a few others who were in the secret, but they were of a former generation and have passed away." From the outer world the authorship was perfectly concealed. Several of the most ingenious and indefatigable editors of Scottish songs had for nearly forty years endeavoured to penetrate the secret without success. In his "Select Collection of Scottish Airs" (Edinb. 1804, vol. iii., p. 133), Mr. George Thompson inserts "The Land o' the Leal" with these remarks, "These simple and affecting verses came under the editor's notice but very lately; he wished to give the name of the ingenious author, but his endeavours to find it out have not been successful." In his "Songs of Scotland" (Edinb. 1848, vol. i., p. 78), Mr. G. F. Graham publishes "The Land o' the Leal;" with the opening line, "I'm wearin' awa, Jean;" he appends the following note—"The excellent verses here given were published about the year 1800; the author is still unknown. The words were originally 'I'm wearin' awa, John;' they seem to have been altered with the intention of making the song appear to be the parting address of Burns. . . . The fifth and seventh stanzas have generally been omitted, and it is doubtful whether the latter be not an interpolation by a different hand." In Mr. Graham's version the following stanzas have been interpolated :—

"Ye've been leal and true, Jean,
Your task is ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

A' our friends are gane, Jean,
We've long been left alane, Jean,
We'll a' meet again
In the land o' the leal."

During Lady Nairne's visit to Edinburgh in 1844, when she was in the house of a friend, resting on a sofa, one of the young ladies of the family, knowing her love of music, began to play and sing "The Land o' the Leal," remarking, "I am very fond of this air,

and I am sure you will like it." The aged gentlewoman was silent.

Mrs. Campbell Colquhoun, on account of whose bereavement in the death of her first-born "The Land o' the Leal" was written, was originally of a fanciful and romantic turn of mind; she was latterly chastened into the deepest piety. Her husband, Mr. Campbell Colquhoun, was in 1807 appointed Lord Advocate of Scotland, and in 1816 Lord Clerk Register. He died on the 8th September, 1820. He was many years survived by his widow; she died on the 15th May, 1833.

It remains to be added that "The Land o' the Leal" has been translated into Greek verse by the Rev. J. Riddell, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, the most accomplished Greek verse-maker of recent times.

Note 2. Page 5.

Caller Herrin'.—This song was written for the benefit of Nathaniel Gow, musical composer, son of the more celebrated Neil Gow. The MS., written in a borrowed hand, was conveyed to Gow by the gentlewoman to whom Lady Nairne confided her "great secret," and who is commonly designated in this work as her Edinburgh correspondent. In the letter, which enclosed the song to that friend, the authoress writes:—"If it is to be of any use to Nathaniel, perhaps it should be dedicated to the Duchess of Athol." The advice was followed. The tune represents the chime of the bells of the Tron Church, Edinburgh. The words and music have been often reprinted. We present the titles of two of the publications:—"Caller Herrin'. Arranged with variations for the pianoforte by Philip Knapton. London: Leoni Levi & Coxhead."—"Caller Herrin', a favourite Scotch air, with an introduction and brilliant variations for the pianoforte. Composed and dedicated to Mrs. Henry Shelton, by Charles Czerny. D'Almaine & Co."

Caller Herrin' was sung to admiring thousands in all parts of the kingdom by the late John Wilson, the great Scottish vocalist. In the original version, as will be observed in the *fac simile,* the word *dainty* occupied the place of *halesome.* By whom the change was made, we are not aware; but as the substituted word is an improvement, we have allowed it a place in the text.

Note 3. Page 7.

The Lass o' Gowrie.—There are three other versions of this song. The first was composed by William Reid, of Glasgow, about the end of the last century. It is entitled "Kate o' Gowrie," and commences, "When Katie was scarce out nineteen." It is not without merit, but has ceased to be popular. A second version, by an unknown author, is in the first two verses nearly the same with the opening stanzas of Lady Nairne's version. The sequel proceeds:—

"I praised her beauty loud an' lang,
Then round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, 'My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?

I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw;
I'll make you lady o' them a'—
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread;
She whispered modestly, and said,
'I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie.'

The auld folks soon gae their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha tied them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie."

In his "Ancient Ballads and Songs" (Lond. 1827, 12mo. p. 138) Dr. Thomas Lyle presents a third version, which he states had been revised by him from an old stall copy, ascribed to Colonel James Ramsay, of Stirling Castle. The opening stanza is subjoined:—

"A wee bit north frae yon green wood,
Whare draps the sunny showerie,
The lofty elm-trees spread their boughs
To shade the braes o' Gowrie."

NOTE 4. PAGE 9.

The Laird o' Cockpen.—This highly popular song was written in one of the last years of the last century, with a view to supersede the older words which were connected with the air, "When she cam' ben, she bobbit." The older version, entitled "Cockpen," is exceptional on the score of refinement, but was much sung on account of the excellence of the air. It is believed to belong to the reign of Charles II., and the hero of the song, "The Laird of Cockpen," is said to have been the attached friend of his Sovereign. An anecdote respecting him has been preserved. Having been engaged with his countrymen at the battle of Worcester in the cause of Charles, he accompanied the Monarch to Holland, and, forming one of the little Court at the Hague, amused his Royal Master by his humour, and especially by his skill in Scottish music. In playing the tune, "Brose and Butter," he particularly excelled. He became a favourite of the King, and Cockpen had pleasure in in gratifying his wish that he might be lulled to sleep at night and awakened in the morning by this enchanting air. At the Restor-

ation, Cockpen found that his estate had been confiscated for his attachment to the royal cause, and had the deep mortification to discover that he had suffered on behalf of an ungrateful prince, who gave no response to his many petitions for the restoration of his inheritance. Visiting London, he was denied an audience; but he still entertained a hope that by securing a personal conference with the King, he might attain his object. To accomplish this design, he had recourse to the following artifice:—he formed an intimacy with the organist of the Chapel Royal, and obtained permission to officiate as his substitute when the King came to service. He did so, and played the usual tunes, till at the dismissal, he struck up the King's old favourite, "Brose and Butter." His artifice succeeded. The King proceeded to the organ-gallery, where he found Cockpen, whom he saluted familiarly, declaring that he had "almost made him dance." "I could dance too," said Cockpen, "if I had my lands again." The request, to which every entreaty could not gain a response, was yielded to the power of music. Cockpen was restored to his possessions.

"The Laird o' Cockpen" is inserted in the sixth volume of Mr. George Thomson's "Select Melodies," with the preface, "From a manuscript communicated to the editor by Sir Adam Ferguson."

The verses composed by Lady Nairne terminate with the seventh stanza; the two additional verses were composed by Miss Ferrier. The name M'Clish, contained in the song, may have been suggested by that of the parish minister at Gask, who in 1746 refused to pray for the family, and rode to Perth to bring on them the vengeance of the Duke of Cumberland. Old Mr. Oliphant of Gask writes, "May God forgive the minister as I do." Lady Nairne must often have heard her father deprecate the conduct of the heartless ecclesiastic.

NOTE 5. PAGE 11.

Her Home She is Leaving.—When the *Scotish Minstrel* was in the course of publication, Lady Nairne, under her *nom de plume* of Mrs. Bogan, wrote to the editor, Mr. R. A. Smith, in these terms:—

"If Mr. Smith wishes to have the very sweet air *Mordelia*, and has not got words, perhaps the few lines enclosed may do. They were thought of long ago, when I hoped that air was considered as Scottish. I have struck off what I am sure would be objected to as not *songish* enough for the taste of the day. The air will now require to be sung each four lines, which I think answers as well as repeating each part. If not wanted, please send me them again, as possibly they may do for some other purpose, being a bit of *graphickism* that I would not like quite to lose."

In a subsequent letter the assumed Mrs. Bogan reverts to the subject. "The air of *Mordelia* is surely old. The second part

especially seems to me to have the genuine pathos of the ancients." The writer proceeds to express disapproval of an alteration which had been made on the two opening lines of her version. They had been replaced by the two following—

> "In all its rich wildness her home she is leaving,
> With sad and tearful silent grieving."

We have restored the correct reading from the original MS. There are other instances in which Lady Nairne's words have been displaced, and where unfortunately they cannot be restored.

NOTE 6, PAGE 13.

The Auld House.—Of this quaint-looking structure we have presented an engraving. It stood on a hill, overlooking the Earn, about fifty yards below the present mansion, which was commenced in 1801. The Auld House, being much infested by rats, which on one occasion assailed the baby heir of the estate in his cradle, was pulled down, with the exception of a small portion left to mark the site. "The laird and the leddy" of the song, and the clipping of Prince Charles Edward's hair, have been referred to in the Memoir. From a reference in the fifth verse, it would appear that the song had been written subsequent to the year 1820, when the first death took place among Lady Nairne's nieces. "The auld pear tree" in the garden of the auld house was a great favourite with the young folks, its produce being often tasted surreptitiously. "I have heard," writes Mr. Kington Oliphant, "one of the bairnies of the song, then an old woman, reproach herself for having cribbed pears from the auld pear-tree."

NOTE 7, PAGE 16.

The Banks of the Earn.—Strathearn, as our writer represents, was the scene of some considerable operations on the part of the great Scottish Chief. According to Henry the Minstrel, Wallace, in November, 1296, eluded the pursuit of the English at St. Johnston—the modern Perth—and made his escape into the country. A party of soldiers were charged with the management of a sleuth-hound, to discover his place of concealment. There was an engagement in the vicinity of Elcho Park, when Wallace, with great odds against him, achieved a victory and continued his retreat. The sleuth-hound tracked him to Gask Wood. As he was hastening his flight, one of his followers, the Irish Fawdown, professed himself so exhausted as to be unable to proceed, on which Wallace, fearing treachery, struck off his head. The sleuth-hound stopped on reaching Fawdown's body, and would not proceed further. Wallace found shelter at Gask Castle, or Gascon Ha'. (See Note 11.) He had not rested long when Sir John Butler, the English com-

mander, came upon his retreat. Wallace, with a stroke of his sword, unhorsed his pursuer and slew him. Another mounted antagonist also fell before his ponderous weapon. Mounting Butler's horse, he rode through a body of his armed adversaries, twenty of whom were slain in attempting to grapple with him. With much difficulty he contrived to effect a temporary concealment among the heath, and to make his escape to the Torwood.

"And gallant Grahams are lying low."

The ancient parish church of Aberuthven, near Auchterarder, has long been used as the family burial-place of the Grahams of the Ducal House of Montrose. James, second Marquis of Montrose, son of the Great Marquis, and styled "the Good," was interred here on the 23rd April, 1669. A handsome modern Mausoleum contains on a platform, supported by pedestals, five oak coffins belonging to deceased members of the Ducal House. One of these contains the remains of James, third Duke of Montrose, who died in 1836.

NOTE 8, PAGE 27.

Kind Robin Lo'es Me.—These stanzas were composed by Lady Nairne in commendation of her husband, to whom she was devotedly attached. They form a continuation to the wooing song of the same name, beginning "Robin is my only Jo," which first appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776. The tune is ancient.

NOTE 9, PAGE 28.

My Ain Kind Dearie O.—The two opening lines of this song are borrowed from "The Lea-Rig," a lively and popular lyric, of which the two first verses were composed by Robert Fergusson, three others being added by William Reid, of Glasgow. The original of "The Lea-Rig" is an old ditty, beginning "I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig."—See *Johnson's Musical Museum*, vol. iv., p. 53.

NOTE 10, PAGE 32.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.—This is the latest, and, we may add, the most unexceptionable version of a celebrated drinking song, which has often been parodied. The original set of words is contained in a MS. bearing date 1728, which belonged to James Anderson, editor of *Diplomata Scotiæ*, and is now deposited in the Advocates' Library. The song has reference to George Gordon, first Earl of Aberdeen, who died in 1720, at the age of eighty-three. It is printed as originally written, in *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, Edinb. 1859. T. G. Stevenson. A second version of the song was composed by Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon. This

was first published in the second volume of *Johnson's Museum*, and was much commended by Burns. William Reid, of Glasgow, composed a third version, which is little known; a fourth appears anonymously in Dale's "Scottish Songs."

NOTE 11, PAGE 41.

Bonny Gascon Ha'.—Gascon was the original form of Gask, the word signifying a swift running stream. *Gascon Ha'* of the song is the ruin of an old castle, situated in the parish of Trinity-Gask, on the north side of the Earn. An older erection, probably of the period to which the song refers, is believed to have stood about one and a-half miles to the north-east, in the present plantation of Gask. Henry the Minstrel (Book v.) represents Sir William Wallace and his comrades to have taken refuge in Gask Hall, after the assassination of Fawdown.

"In the Gask Hall thair lugyng haif thai' tayne;
Fyre gat thai sone, bot meyt than had thai nane."

Wallace encountered in the hall an unwelcome visit from Fawdown's ghost.

"His awne hed in his hand;
A croyss he maid, quhen he saw him so stand."

It may not be impertinent to add that the remark of the Poetess as to no monument having been erected to the memory of the Scottish Chief no longer applies, since the late Mr. William Patrick, of Roughwood, erected some years ago on Barnweill-hill, Ayrshire, an elegant Memorial Tower in honour of the patriot; and through the efforts of the Editor of this work, an elegant National Monument to Wallace has just been constructed on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling.

NOTE 12, PAGE 43.

Castell Gloom.—Castle Gloom, better known as Castle Campbell, was a residence of the noble family of Argyle, from the middle of the fifteenth till the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was burned by the Marquis of Montrose, an enterprise to which he was excited by the Ogilvies, who thus sought revenge for the destruction by the Marquis of Argyle of the "bonnie house of Airlie." The castle is situate on the southern slope of the Ochil hills, near the village of Dollar, Clackmannanshire, and has long been in the ruinous condition described in the song. Two hill rivulets, designated *Sorrow* and *Care*, flow down on each side of the castle promontory. John Knox, the Reformer, resided for a period at Castle Campbell with Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyle, and here preached the Reformed doctrines.

NOTE 13 PAGE 45.

Hey the Rantin' Murray's Ha'.—Mr. John Graeme Murray, of Murray's Hall, Perthshire, was an intimate friend and neighbour of the Gask family. At his hospitable residence our authoress and her sisters spent many happy days during the period of youth. "The General," whose valour is commended in the song, is the celebrated Thomas Graham of Balgowan, the hero of Barossa, afterwards Lord Lynedoch. He was a near relation of the Laird of Murray's Hall. The present proprietor, Mr. John Murray Graham, succeeded to his lordship's estate of Balgowan, which has since been sold to Mr. Thompson. Lord Lynedoch has been celebrated in verse by Sir Walter Scott; also in a stirring song by William Glen, the author of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."—(*Modern Scottish Minstrel*, vol. 3, p. 131.)

NOTE 14, PAGE 47.

O Stately stood the Baron's Ha'.—We do not remember any incident to which this song may have an especial reference. The celebrated philosopher, Adam Smith, was, when a child of three years, carried off by a party of gipsies from the policies of his uncle's house at Strathendry, Fifeshire, but was speedily recovered. It is possible that the Poetess had this incident in view.

NOTE 15, PAGE 53.

The Pleughman.—A song entitled "The Pleughman" appears in *Herd's Collection*, Edinb. 1776, vol. ii., p. 144. It was thrown into a new form by Burns, whose version appears in *Johnson's Museum*. vol. i., p. 173 A third version is inserted in Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*. The origin of Lady Nairne's version has been stated in the Memoir.

NOTE 16. PAGE 57.

Lay bye yere Bawbee.—This song is published for the first time. It is printed from the original MS.

NOTE 17. PAGE 60.

The Maiden's Vow.—Now for the first time printed.

NOTE 18. PAGE 61.

Kitty Reid's House.—This song appears to have been founded on some *jeu d'esprit*, set to a lively air, by which the mothers of Stirlingshire sang their infants to rest. The elder composition originated in the practice of the lairds of the district frequenting

the hostelry of Catherine Reid, a celebrated club-house on St. Ninian's Green, Stirling. From the recitation of an aged gentlewoman we have recovered some of the original verses :—

CHORUS.

There's chappin o' cods and makin o' beds
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house ;
There's chappin o' cods and makin o' beds
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house.
An' O 'twas rare, the fun that was there,
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house ;
An' O 'twas rare, the fun that was there,
At Catherine's house on the green, Jo.

The laird o' Polmaise cam' drivin' his chaise
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house ;
The laird o' Gargunnock cam' eatin' a bannock
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house.
The laird o' Dunmore puffed his pipe at the door
O' Catherine's house, o' Catherine's house ;
The laird o' Airth cam' crying out dearth
At Catherine's house on the green, Jo.

The laird o' Cambus cam' seekin' an awmous
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house ;
The laird o' Dunblane cam' ridin' his lane
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house.
The laird o' Keir cam' makin' a steir
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house ;
The laird o' Strathallan rade up to the hallan
O' Catherine's house on the green, Jo.

The laird o' Saint Ringan's cam' peelin' his inguns
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house ;
The laird o' Boquhan was oure late, and he ran
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house ;
The laird o' Doune fell an' crackit his croon
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house ;
The Provost o' Stirlin' sat by the home skirlin'
In Catherine's house on the green. Jo.

NOTE 19. PAGE 63.

When first I got Married.—Printed from the original MS.

NOTE 19. PAGE 67.

We're a' Noddin'.—The tune, "We're a' nid noddin'," is ancient. The history of the words is curious. A Pre-Reformation song of an unrefined character, depicted in the form of a

dialogue, a conversation between the piper of Kelso and a woman of easy virtue. Of this licentious composition, the opening words suggested Burns' inimitable song of "John Anderson my jo;" while the second verse, which commenced, "And how doe ze, cummer? and how doe ze thrive?" has led to the composition of several versions of a song beginning with these or similar words to the tune of "Nid noddin'." The earliest version of the song was strictly a parody on the original composition, and an exposure of the erroneous doctrines of the Church of Rome respecting the number of the sacraments. (*Johnson's Museum*, vol. iv. page 224). Burns composed a new version for *Johnson's Museum*, which, on the score of propriety, did not excel the original (*Museum*, vol. iii. p. 540). Allan Cunningham contributed to Mr. George Thomson's *Select Melodies* (1822) new words to the air, commencing—

"Our gudewife's awa,
Now's the time to woo,
For the lads like the lasses,
And the lasses lads too."

In Whitelaw's *Songs of Scotland*, Glasgow, 12mo, there is an anonymous version, with the following opening verse:—

"Gude'en to ye, kimmer,
And are ye alane?
O come and see how blythe we are,
For Jamie he's cum hame.

Lady Nairne's version first appeared in the *Scotish Minstrel*. It is there denoted, "Sent by B. B."

NOTE 20. PAGE 69.

Down the Burn, Davie.—The original version of this song, composed by Robert Crawford, appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. Several of the verses are of a licentious character. These were expunged by Burns, who, by substituting two verses of his own, has adapted the song to modern use. By altering the chorus, Lady Nairne has caused the swain to invite the maiden to a walk by the burn-side, instead of allowing the invitation to proceed from the maiden to her lover. Lady Nairne's words are printed for the first time.

NOTE 21. PAGE 75.

Jeanie Deans.—This song must have been composed subsequent to 1818, when *The Heart of Midlothian*, in which the character of Jeanie Deans is introduced, was published. The narrative on which the novel is founded, and which is referred to by our Poetess, is so abundantly familiar, that it seems unnecessary to allude to it. The scenery depicted in the song is in the vicinity of the

Queen's Drive, Edinburgh. "The Wells o' Weary" are situated near the Windyknowe, beneath Salisbury Crags.

NOTE 22. PAGE 79.

O Mountains Wild.—This composition appears in the *Scotish Minstrel*, vol. iii. page 101. The authorship is in the index marked "unknown." From internal evidence, we have no hesitation in assigning it to Lady Nairne.

NOTE 23. PAGE 80.

There grows a bonnie Brier Bush.—Founding on a few lines of an old ballad, Burns composed a song with this title for *Johnson's Museum* (vol. iii. page 508). Lady Nairne has in her version adhered to the structure of Burns' song, but has eliminated from the composition some doubtful sentiments.

NOTE 24. PAGE 83.

St. Andrews Toun. — By those who are at all acquainted with Scottish history, a note explanatory of the allusions in this song is not required. At Magus Muir, the recreant Archbishop Sharpe was waylaid by a party of zealous Covenanters, and by them put to death on the 3rd May 1679. "The ruined wa's" of St. Andrews' Cathedral have formed the subject of a considerable poem by Dr. William Tennant, author of *Anster Fair*. The demolition was effected by an undisciplined mob, stung by priestly oppression, in June, 1559. "The bluidy Cardinal" is Cardinal Beaton, one of the most oppressive of Scottish Churchmen. George Wishart suffered death by burning in front of the Cardinal's castle at St. Andrews, on the 1st March, 1545. He predicted the early destruction of the proud ecclesiastic, who surveyed the spectacle of the execution from a window of his residence. About fifteen months after, Beaton was slain in his castle by a band of armed conspirators. In the closing verse of the song, our authoress quotes from Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, who was the Cardinal's contemporary. We subjoin the entire stanza of the elder Poet :—

"As for the Cardinal, I grant
He was the man we well might want,
God will forgive it soon
But of a truth, the sooth to say,
Although the loon be well away,
The deed was foully done."

NOTE 25. PAGE 84.

The Women are a' gane wud. — The enthusiasm of Scottish females, both old and young, on behalf of Prince Charles Edward,

was a prominent feature in the rising of 1745. "They will not listen to reason," wrote Lord President Forbes. When the Prince rode through Perth, women of all ranks congregated around him to kiss his hand. His knowledge of Gaelic was confined to a few words complimentary of female charms.

NOTE 26. PAGE 85.

Duncan Gray.—The air of this song, it is believed, was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter in Glasgow, about the beginning of last century. It was originally associated with words of a highly objectionable character. These were considerably altered by Burns for *Johnson's Museum* (vol. i. page 168). Of this version, the chorus proceeds :—

"Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray,
Ha. ha, the girdin' o't;
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't."

Burns afterwards composed another song to the air, commencing "Duncan Gray cam' here to woo," which is still popular. Its bacchanalian tendency induced our authoress to prepare her version, which was written for the *Scotish Minstrel* (vol. iv. page 86). The song is inscribed, "Sent by B. B."

NOTE 27. PAGE 90.

O, wha is this comin'?—We may hazard the conjecture that this song was written to celebrate the restoration to his inheritance of the Laird of Strowan in 1784. See the Memoir.

NOTE 28. PAGE 92.

Fareweel, Edinburgh.—This song was probably written in 1830, when Lady Nairne abandoned Carolina Cottage and proceeded to join her relatives at Clifton. The city, old and new, with its "stately college," elegant churches, "palace in the sheltered glen," elevated castle, and environing mountains and "rocky brows," is admirably depicted. So are the professions of the citizens—"scribes," "big-wigs," "doctors," and men of "lear." A special compliment is reserved for the author of Waverley, which implies the writer's high admiration of that illustrious person.

In the last couplet of the first stanza the original MS. presents the following alternative reading :—

"The auld town-guard, sae neat and trim, sae honest and sae sour,
Aye stannin' near the auld St. Giles, that plays and tells the hour."

The "Auld Town-guard" of Edinburgh, which existed before the Police Acts came into operation, was composed of Highlanders, some of them being old pensioners. Their rendezvous was St. Giles's church, where some of them were always to be found, smoking, snuffing, and speaking together in the Highland vernacular.

NOTE 29. PAGE 94.

Aikin Drum.—There are several sets of this song. In his "Jacobite Relics" (vol. ii., p. 22), the Ettrick Shepherd presents a set beginning—

"Ken you how a Whig can fight,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum."

He mentions in a note (p. 259) another version, which commences:

"There was a man cam frae the moon."

Mr. George Thomson, in his *Select Melodies* (v. 36) publishes a set of words composed by Allan Cunningham, beginning—

"A wooer came to our toun."

A further version, commencing, "The piper came to our toun," is contained in Graham's *Songs of Scotland* (vol. iii., pp. 27 and 167). The version in the text first appeared in the *Scotish Minstrel* (vol. i., p. 102); it bears the initials "S. M.," one of Lady Nairne's signatures in contributing to that work.

NOTE 30. PAGE 96.

We'll Gang na mair a Rovin'.—This song was sent by Lady Nairne to her Edinburgh correspondent. It is now for the first time printed. The chorus will be recognized as that of "The Jolly Beggar," attributed to James V.; a song combining the highest humour with that coarseness which so unhappily disfigures the elder Scottish minstrelsy.

NOTE 31. PAGE 100.

Huntingtower.—The original set of "Huntingtower," commencing—

"When ye gang awa', Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie;
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will ye send to me, laddie?"

has long been a favourite. With no sacrifice of the original sim-

plicity, Lady Nairne has improved the *morale* of the composition. In her version, Jeanie is less demonstrative in affection. Instead of pleading with her lover for his hand, she resolves to consult her parents before accepting his proposals. Jamie too avoids practising that deception, which though short-lived, is a prominent defect in the elder ballad.

Note 32. Page 102.

Eppie Macnab.—This version of an old song was contributed by our authoress to the *Scotish Minstrel* (vol. i., p. 3). The original words were associated with the tune "Appie Macnab," which is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. These words are described as having "more wit than decency," by Burns, who composed a new version for *Johnson's Museum* (vol. ii., p. 346). Burns's own version lacks refinement. As usual, Lady Nairne has rendered a popular tune conducive towards inculcating a moral lesson.

Note 33. Page 104.

Dunnottar Castle.—The history of the preservation of the Scottish Regalia during the period of Cromwell's invasion is familiar to every reader of Scottish history. The circumstances are correctly related by Lady Nairne in the song. Anticipating that the insignia of the Scottish monarchy would be seized by Cromwell's victorious troops, the Estates of Parliament entrusted them, after the battle of Dunbar, to the Earl Marischal, who deposited them in his ancient seat, the castle of Dunnottar, on the east coast, near Stonehaven. The fortress was provided with a considerable garrison, under the command of George Ogilvy of Barras. It was closely besieged by the English troops, and the governor, unable much longer to endure the blockade, was about to surrender. At this critical period his wife received a visit from their clergyman's wife, Mrs. Grainger of Kinneff, who was attended by her maid. Permission to enter the castle was readily granted them by the courtesy of the commander of the besieging army, who, when they returned, gallantly helped Mrs. Grainger to mount her horse. She and her attendant were both laden, but the true nature of their burdens was unsuspected. Mrs. Grainger had on her arm a bundle, while her maid carried in a bag some *hards* of lint, which she represented to be a present from the governor's wife. The bundles actually contained the crown, sceptre, and sword of state! Mrs. Grainger reached in perfect safety the Manse of Kinneff, a few miles distant. That night, the precious insignia were deposited in a hole under the pulpit of the parish church. There they lay till after the Restoration, when they were presented to Charles II. To Mrs.

Grainger 2,000 marks were voted by Parliament; George Ogilvy was created a baronet; and the third son of the Earl Marischal was appointed knight marshal of Scotland, and afterwards created Earl of Kintore.

George Keith, tenth Earl Marischal, took part in the rebellion of 1715, and joined the Spanish troops in 1719, during the abortive attempt of that year on behalf of the exiled House. Having gone to Prussia, he became the chosen friend of Frederick the Great. He was Frederick's ambassador extraordinary at the Court of France, and when resident in Paris had frequent interviews with the grandfather of our Poetess. The Earl's title and estates were restored by George II.

Mr. Alexander Keith of Ravelstone, brother-in-law of Lady Nairne, possessed the cushion on which the regalia rested in Kinneff church, an heirloom inherited by his nephew, who was created a baronet by George IV. on asserting his claim as Knight Marischal of Scotland.

Note 34. Page 108.

The Pentland Hills—Rullion Green is a lonely and beautiful valley skirting the base of the Pentlands. Here the Covenanters were, on the 28th November, 1666, defeated by the King's troops under General Dalziel. About fifty of the Covenanters were slain. The Jacobite upbringing of Lady Nairne did not prevent her correct discernment of the faithless character of a crowned member of the house of Stuart. She refers to the perjury of Charles II., who had, when courting the favour of the Scottish people in the days of his adversity, solemnly sworn to uphold the Covenant. Her portraiture of Dalziel, and of John Graham of Claverhouse, is discriminating and correct. Dalziel was a ferocious desperado; Graham possessed true soldierly qualities, but he lacked the best —mercy.

Note 35. Page 111.

The Regalia.—This song represents the wounded feelings of many Scotsmen at the period of the Union of the Crowns. Before the adoption of the articles of Union by the Estates, it was provided that the Scottish Regalia should be for ever kept in Scotland. They were deposited in a strong chest, secured by several locks; and this was placed in a strong room of Edinburgh Castle, which was carefully bolted. After remaining so locked up upwards of a century, they were discovered on the 4th February, 1818, by certain commissioners appointed under a royal warrant. (See Lockhart's Life of Scott, 8vo edit., 1850, pp. 359—61.)

Note 36. Page 113.

The Boat Song o' the Clyde.—We have considerable doubt as to the authenticity of this composition, but as it appears in the second edition of "Lays from Strathearn," as Lady Nairne's production, and we cannot prove the contrary, we have decided on including it in this work. The scenery of the Clyde is described in expressions not unlike those which characterize our authoress's known compositions. On the other hand, the allusion to the Queen's first visit to Scotland, which took place in 1842, when Lady Nairne was in her 76th year, an invalid, and little disposed to indulge in sallies of mirth, would justify a doubt as to the song having proceeded from her pen.

Note 37. Page 117.

Charlie's Landing.—The circumstances of the landing of Prince Charles Edward in 1745 are detailed in the next note.

Note 38. Page 118.

Wha'll be King but Charlie?—This popular Jacobite song, hitherto published anonymously, is now claimed as the composition of Lady Nairne. It was published by Neil Gow, who composed to it a stirring and appropriate air. Nathaniel, son of Neil Gow, played the tune at the Caledonian Hunt Ball, which, in honour of George IV., was held at Edinburgh on the 26th August, 1822. The King, who was present, asked the musician to name the tune, when Nathaniel replied, "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" Some of the courtiers were embarrassed, but his Majesty, with a smile, requested that the tune might be repeated, and often asked for it afterwards. The air forms No. 136 of Captain Simon Fraser's "Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands," Edinb. 1816 The song appears in the *Scotish Minstrel* (vol. vi., pp. 86—7). In the index the authorship is marked "unknown," a circumstance which does not in any degree invalidate the probability that Lady Nairne was the writer.

With reference to the allusion in the first line of the song, it may be stated that Prince Charles Edward landed on the 25th July, 1745, at Lochnanuagh, an arm of the sea, dividing the districts of Moidart and Arisaig. He was accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir John Macdonald, Francis Strickland, Kelly, a clergyman, Eneas Macdonald, banker at Paris, and Buchanan, a messenger—a retinue of seven persons. Adherents soon assembled, and the Prince unfurled his standard at Glenfinnan, on the 19th of August.

NOTE 39. PAGE 120.

My Bonnie Hieland Laddie.—In the *Scotish Minstrel* this song is marked "unknown" (vol. i., p. 17). It is here assigned to Lady Nairne, on the ground of internal evidence alone.

NOTE 40. PAGE 122.

Gathering Song.—This composition has been printed from Lady Nairne's MS. It is one of the least known of her Jacobite compositions.

NOTE 41. PAGE 124.

Charlie is my Darling.—A version of this song, written to an older air, was communicated by Burns to *Johnson's Museum* (vol. iii., p. 440). The words partake of the levity of the older ballads. The Ettrick Shepherd composed another set of verses, which is included in his Jacobite Relics (Edinb. 1821, vol. ii., p. 92). His song closes with the following stanza—

"Our Highland hearts are true and leal,
And glow without a stain;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
And Charlie he's our ain."

A third version was composed by Captain Charles Gray, R.M. (Lays and Lyrics, Edinb. 1841, 12 mo., p. 42). This is quoted with commendation in G. F. Graham's *Songs of Scotland* (vol. i., p. 91). Lady Nairne's version was communicated anonymously to the *Scotish Minstrel*; it appears in vol. i., pp. 86—7 of that work

NOTE 42. PAGE 126.

He's owre the Hills.—This composition appeared in the *Scotish Minstrel* (vol. iii., p. 94) with the signature "S. M.," intimating that it had reached the editor through the Ladies' Committee. The original has been found in Lady Nairne's handwriting. In the version published in "Lays from Strathearn" the following verse, not composed by our authoress, has been added—

"Then draw the claymore—for Charlie then fight
For your country, religion, and a' that is right;
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
I'd die as aft for ane o' the three."

The furthest of the Ochils, that rise above Dunblane, are just visible from Gask, nearly twenty miles off; hence the allusion in the third line of the song.

NOTE 43. PAGE 128.

John Tod.—So far as we can discover, the hero of this song was the Rev. John Tod, minister of Ladykirk, Berwickshire, who married a daughter of Sir Patrick Home, Bart., whose grandson succeeded to the estate of Wedderburn. There was an intimacy subsisting between our authoress and the family of Wedderburn, and some tradition respecting the uncouth manners but substantial worth of the pastor of Ladykirk may have been preserved.

NOTE 44. PAGE 130.

Ye'll Mount, Gudeman.—This humorous Jacobite song is written in Lady Nairne's best style. In a note appended to the song in "Lays from Strathearn," the heroine is described as one of the Homes of Wedderburn. This seems to be an error. The anecdote of the kettle is related by Mr. Philip Ainslie in his "Reminiscences." During the last rebellion, John, twelfth Lord Gray, had, as Lord-Lieutenant of Perthshire, waited on the Duke of Cumberland at Dundee, when on his march to the north for the suppression of the insurrection. He was coldly received by the haughty Hanoverian, and his lordship felt so insulted that he rode home hastily to Kinfauns Castle, resolved on immediately joining the standard of the Prince. His wife, knowing his obstinate adherence to any purpose he had formed, did not venture to oppose his resolution, but as he complained of fatigue, she recommended him to have his feet bathed before he retired to rest The lady undertook to perform the ablution with her own hands, and when his lordship's unclothed limbs were placed in the bath, she proceeded to pour upon them a kettle of hot water. The Baron was so scalded that he was unable to leave his apartment for several weeks. During the interval the public career of the Prince had closed at Culloden.

NOTE 45. PAGE 133.

The Hundred Pipers.—On receiving the submission of the civic authorities and the surrender of the castle, Prince Charles Edward entered Carlisle on Monday, the 18th November, 1745, preceded by one hundred pipers. So far our Poetess has sung truly. But she is historically at fault with reference to the "two thousand." So many Highlanders of the Chevalier's army did indeed wade across the Esk; but it was in flight, not in triumph. They waded the Esk on their return to Scotland from an expedition which boded disaster. That they "danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound" is literally correct. Mr. George G. Mounsey, author of "Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle," remarks of the Highlanders, that "the moment they reached the opposite side, the pipers struck up, and they danced reels until they were dry again."

NOTE 46. PAGE 138.

The White Rose o' June.—The White Rose was the Jacobite emblem. Many white roses grew in the garden at Gask. With all Jacobite gardeners it was a point of honour to provide white roses to be used in celebrating the Royal birth-days.

NOTE 47. PAGE 140.

What do ye think o' Geordie noo?

"For nae offence that we can see,
Up in a rage will Geordie flee;
The flames get then his periwig;
That's no denied by ony Whig."

George the Second was prone to ebullitions of temper, and on these occasions would tear off his wig and cast it into the fire. The absurd habit of the Hanoverian monarch is thus alluded to in an anonymous Jacobite song:—

"The fire shall get both hat and wig,
As oftimes they've got a' that."

NOTE 48. PAGE 143.

Bannocks o' Barley Meal.—To an old tune of this name, William, first Marquis of Lothian, composed a satirical song on the Revolution, which was entitled "Cakes of Crowdy." A copy of the Marquis's verses are included in the first volume of Hogg's *Jacobite Relics.* Burns wrote some verses to this air for *Johnson's Museum* (vol. iii., page 489). There are two other versions, one of which is preserved as a fragment in Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." Lady Nairne's set was contributed through the Ladies' Committee to the *Scotish Minstrel*, in which it bears the initials S. M.

NOTE 49. PAGE 146.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.— This song was written with the view of superseding several sets of words which had been linked to the tune, all of which, either on the score of decency or rhythm, were unworthy of it. The oldest version commences, "Saw ye my Maggie." Allan Ramsay has, in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, inserted two other versions, one of which is his own. The melody appears in the first edition of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. (See *Johnson's Museum*, vol. i. page 12, and vol. iv. page 8.) The allusion in the third stanza to "Bessie Bell" and "Mary Gray," is familiar to all lovers of the older ballad. Two ladies in Perthshire were attached friends. One of them, Miss Elizabeth Bell, was

daughter of Mr. Bell, of Kinnaird; the other, Miss Mary Gray, was the daughter of Mr. Gray, proprietor of Lynedoch. They were both very beautiful and of engaging manners, and had each attracted the attention of a young gentleman in the neighbourhood. The plague of 1645 was raging with terrible severity, and the maidens left their paternal homes, and took shelter in a bower at the Burn Braes, on the banks of the Lednoch, or Lynedoch. They determined to receive no visitors, save the youth, whom they held in mutual esteem. He paid daily visits to the bower; and, having caught the infection, unconsciously carried it to the Burn Braes. The maidens died, and were interred at a spot which is denoted by an enclosure. Their sad fate is celebrated in ballad. The late Lord Lynedoch owned the estate, which included the Burn Braes, and derived his title from it.

Note 50. Page 148.

Fell He on the Field of Fame.—These verses were composed on a young officer, quartered at Piershill barracks, near Edinburgh, who fell in a duel, occasioned by a quarrel at mess.

Note 51. Page 150.

The Lady Grange.—The unwarrantable detention of Mrs. Erskine of Grange, in the western isles, forms one of the most remarkable episodes in Scottish history. Mrs. Erskine was daughter of Chiesley of Dalry, who mortally wounded Sir George Lockhart, Lord President of the Court of Session, on returning from his place of worship. The disposition of Mrs. Erskine was too similar to that of her sire—she was a woman of ungovernable temper, and was revengeful and unscrupulous in the accomplishment of her ends. Her husband, James Erskine, brother of the Earl of Mar, was a Lord of Session, by the title of Lord Grange. During the rebellion of 1715, he professed loyalty to the reigning House, in order to retain his office, but secretly abetted the efforts of his brother in supplanting the Hanoverian dynasty. By concealing herself under a sofa in his business room, his wife heard his conversations with the adherents of the exiled House. During her ebullitions of temper, which were frequent and terrible, she threatened to expose him to Government, and he began to fear she might actually effect her menace. After consulting with his children, who were grown up, and obtaining their approval, Lord Grange had his wife seized on the 22nd April, 1732, and conducted from place to place by night journeys till she reached the Hebrides. She was detained in the isle of Hisker two years; at St. Kilda, seven; and in the Isle of Skye four, till her death in 1745. The narrative of our Poetess as to the temper of the exiled

gentlewoman being subdued after her afflictions, we trust, is well-founded.

NOTE 52. PAGE 154.

A Heavenly Muse.—In this short lyric, Lady Nairne celebrates the poet Moore.—See Memoir.

NOTE 53. PAGE 155.

Auld Langsyne.—The earliest known version of this song, under the title of "Old Long Syne," and consisting of two parts, was composed by Sir Robert Aytoun (1570—1638). See our edition of Sir R. Aytoun's Poems, Edinburgh, 1844, 8vo. A version of the song was composed by Allan Ramsay, which never became popular, and is scarcely known. Burns added a third, and his version is sung by Scotsmen in every part of the world. In her version, Lady Nairne points to a grateful recognition of sparing mercy, and invites the expression of devout thankfulness for the privileges of re-union after the long past.

NOTE 54. PAGE 158.

Ye Spires of Banff.—

"Where Souters guard fair Cromartie."

The Souters are two rocky promontories which seem to guard the entrance of Cromarty Bay.

NOTE 55. PAGE 160.

Gude Nicht, an' Joy be wi' ye a'.—Sir Alexander Boswell composed a version of this song (*Modern Scottish Minstrel*, vol. ii., page 214). There are other sets, all being founded on an old fragment called "Armstrong's Goodnight," supposed to have owed its origin to one of the Border Armstrongs, who was executed for assassinating Sir John Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, in June, 1600.—See Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

NOTE 56. PAGE 162.

Oh! Ocean Blue.—These stanzas are printed from a MS. supplied to the editor by one of Lady Nairne's correspondents. The MS. is not in our authoress's handwriting.

NOTE 57. PAGE 163.

Would you be Young again?—This beautiful lay is printed from

the original MS. It was composed in 1842, when the Baroness had reached her seventy-sixth year.

NOTE 58. PAGE 164.

Here's to Them that are Gane.—In communicating this composition to her Edinburgh correspondent, Lady Nairne writes:—

"*Here's a Health to ane I lo'e Dear.* If you think the enclosed will do for that beautiful air, better than anything you have got, I will attend to any hints in the way of alteration. It seemed a more hopeful concern than 'One day I heard Mary say,' which if I had never heard words for, I think might have been supplied. This has superseded her in the meantime, unless you have found better words. If you have, do tell me."

NOTE 59. PAGE 166.

The Dead who have Died in the Lord.—These stanzas were transferred from Lady Nairne's Poetical Scrap-Book. Into this she was in the habit of copying verses which she admired, but she usually attached the author's name. As this composition appears in the Scrap-Book without a name, it was assumed to be original. This has proved to be an error. Since the text was printed it has been discovered that the writer was Mr. James Glassford. The Memoir and writings of this gentleman will be published shortly.

GLOSSARY.

Auld Reekie, Edinburgh
Battered, bent, overcome
Bawbee, money, earnings
Baith, both
Bairn, child
Belyve, immediately
Blate, modest, bashful
Birks, birch trees
Boukit, collected
Brent, burned
Burn, stream
Buskit, attired

Caller, fresh
Cannily, cautiously
Canty, cheerful
Cantrip, a spell, or charm
Clavers, frivolous talk
Coggie, a timber vessel
Collie, a shepherd's dog
Couped, overturned
Cour, cover
Crouse, brisk
Claes, clothes
Cleish-ma-clavers, absurd talk

Daurna, dare not
Daft, deranged
Dautit, fondled
Disjaskit, decayed
Dookit, dove-cot
Doos, pigeons
Dule, sorrow

Eerie, timorous
Eldrich, haunted
Eident, diligent

Farin', food, entertainment
Fashious, troublesome
Fause, false
Feckless, feeble
Fend, fare, shift
Ferlie, wonder
Fairnies, ferns
Fecht, fight
Fifish, somewhat deranged
Fleeched, soothed
Fugy, a coward

Gaun, going
Gate, road
Gawkie, a foolish person
Girn, weep
Gowd, gold
Gloamin', twilight
Greet, weep
Gruesome, unsightly
Gude, good

Hale, whole
Haud, hold
Halesome, wholesome
Hawkie, a cow
Happit, wrapped
Hirdin', herding
Houlit, an owl

Kail, broth
Keek, look
Kebbuck, a cheese
Kith, acquaintance
Kimmer, crony, gossip
Kist, chest
Knowes, hillocks

Lane, alone, solitary
Lave, remainder
Leal, loyal, true
Liefu', lonely
Linkin', walking smartly
Loun, warm
Lucky, an elderly woman

Maen, moan
Mickle, much
Mirk, dark
Mutch, a female head-dress

Neep, turnip

Owre, over
Ournatang, an ourang-outang

Poortith, poverty

Reamin, skimming
Rig, a field, or division of it
Randy, a scold
Routh, plenty
Rummulgumshion, common sense

Sair, sore
Saul, soul
Shaw, plantation
Shanks-neggie, to travel on foot
Skaith, hurt
Steek, shut
Sough, a rushing sound
Sud, should
Speir, enquire

Tent, take heed
Tapsle-teerie, topsy-turvy
Taupie, a slovenly woman
Tautit, shaggy, rough
Thewless, unprofitable
Thole, endure
Tocher, dowry
Toom, empty

Vogie, cheerful

Wae, woeful
Wean, child
Wee, small
Weel's me, happy am I
Wendin', waning
Wud, wild, mad

Yett, gate
Yows, ewes
Yont, beyond